

The TATLER

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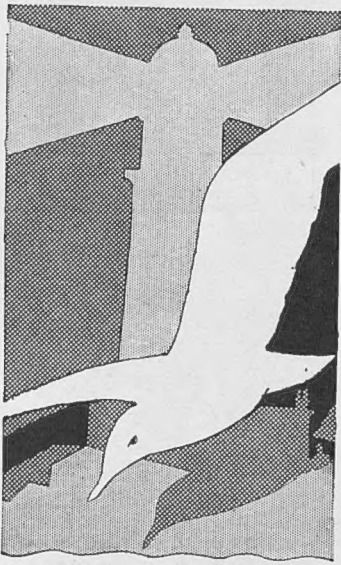
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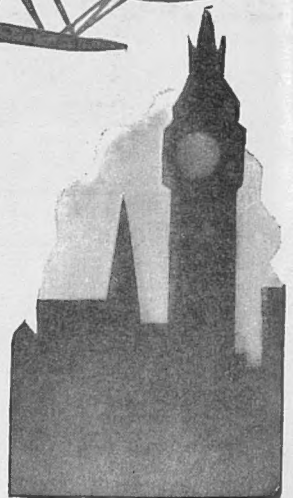
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The TATTLER

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THE MARCHESE AND MARCHESA MARCONI

Bassano, Dover Street

A picture taken of the world's greatest inventor and his beautiful wife when they were on their last visit to this country, which is certainly the Marchese Marconi's home from home. His first wife was an Irishwoman, and he has lived here almost as much as he has in his native land. His first great trans-Atlantic wireless operation took place from Penarth. In 1927 the Marchese married the beautiful Contessa Maria Bezzi-Scali, a daughter of the Count Bezzi-Scali of the ancient family of Ravenna

The Letters of Eve



"A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A DÉBUTANTE": MISS CYNTHIA PRATT (ANCIENT), MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM (MODERN)

These tableaux at the London Hippodrome last week were a very clever idea. They were in aid of the Highway Club for Boys and Girls of the East-End, and H.R.H. the Duchess of York extended her patronage to them and also was present. It is possible that the modern débutante has a far less trying time than her forerunner, and for one thing her style is not cramped by a crinoline and she has also given up fainting in coils and ejaculating things like "La!" The photographic arrangements were carried out by Messrs. Speaight, Ltd.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

THIS week, my friend, there is a mixed bag of news for you. The social roundabout has begun; the doors of the Academy are wide open, dances happen nightly, and the opera plus concerts fill the air with sound.

You may already be nauseated with reading about the Academy, but none the less, I insist on making my views about it public. Talking of views, some other word should really be found as substitute for "private." Applied



AT ST. ANDREWS: MISS HELEN SKENE AND ANDRA KIRKCALDY

Andra, the famous professional of the Royal and Ancient Club, probably has had more golfers through his hands than any other man living and is seen imparting a few words of wisdom to the daughter of Mr. Skene of Pitlour, a former captain of the R. and A. Their Spring meeting for the Silver Cross of St. Andrew and the Bombay Medal is now on



MISS B. STEPHENSON—THE MODERN "TEA"

Another of the Moderns who, according to some, have entirely discarded that indigestible fluid, tea, in favour of something which probably is nothing like as bad for them. "A Day in the Life of a Débutante" is in these times very like anyone else's day

to invitation day at Burlington House, it seems so silly. "To see, or to be seen," that was the question there; neither was easy, and a sort of glazed look, as if aspice were gradually creeping over people, was the result of staying more than half-an-hour.

"Isn't that good?" "Look! there's another Munnings!" "What's that supposed to be?" "Oh, I say, how flattering!" "There, I could live with that; so peaceful." Such phrases flit like mosquitoes past the ear. Sounds once made are supposed never to cease; if so, how full Burlington House must be of bottled banalities.

Please don't imagine from the foregoing that those about to be mentioned contributed anything but the most valuable criticism. "Beauty and Brains" might make a title for this paragraph, as you will see if you persevere. Lady Howe and her daughter keep getting into my notes, but I can't help it; their looks are so very well worth printer's ink, and on Private View day their little black hats combined with large fox collars to confirm the impression. Mrs. Winston Churchill in dark blue was taking the pictures seriously, but Miss Gladys Cooper and her husband never got far without meeting friends who wanted a word with her. "I wish you'd write a good play for me to produce," she said appealingly. Lady Doris Blacker went

round with her father, Lord Peel. She is only just back from India, so was kept busy with greetings. Mrs. James Beck starts off by being one of the prettiest people alive, and her bright red dress, worn with a large white felt hat, made her stand out even more.

* * *

Mrs. Armstrong Jones won the prize for retrogressive hats, her black sequin béret being hung on a hair and almost invisible from the front. Mrs. Oswald Birley's portrait by her husband is a great success; up to now he has never been satisfied with his attempts to paint her. I liked the white hat she wore in person and also the clothes chosen for the picture. Other sitters were not so happy in their selection, and I tremble to think of the impression some of these garments may give in future years.

The Academy causes many a top-hat to come out of hiding, and it is about the only indoor occasion on which this crowning glory is kept in its place. Practically every man was wearing one, but flat hats and flowing cloaks were also pretty prevalent; almost invariably these had artists beneath them. The large white sailor worn by Miss Laura Knight proved this theory. Lady Lavery's petunia colour-scheme showed her originality, and Mrs. Dod Proctor's short, white velvet coat edged with fur was her own special design.

* * *

It is something to be the youngest débutante of the season. At seventeen this



Sasha

"LILIES OF THE FIELD" REVIVED: MISS HELENA PICKARD, MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE, MISS BEATRIX THOMSON, AND THE AUTHOR, MR. JOHN HASTINGS TURNER

It was a happy idea to revive John Hastings Turner's quite charming little play, "Lilies of the Field," and this group was taken on the first night at the Grafton Theatre. Miss Helena Pickard is Mrs. Cedric Hardwicke, and she is Miss Beatrix Thomson's twin sister—in the play



Bertram Park

LADY HELEN HAY

The eldest of Lord and Lady Tweeddale's three daughters, who is being presented this year and for whom her mother is giving a coming-out dance on the 27th. The first two Courts are on the 19th and 20th



Ian Smith

AT CARBERRY TOWER FÊTE: LADY ELPHINSTONE, MISS JENNY MALCOLM, AND THE HON. MARGARET ELPHINSTONE

Lady Elphinstone is the eldest sister of the Duchess of York, and this fête was held at Carberry, Musselburgh, Lord Elphinstone's seat. The Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, who was helping by selling primroses, is their youngest daughter, and is only six, and the other little girl is the daughter of Sir Michael and Lady Malcolm

transient claim to fame is the property of Miss Lilian Power, for whom her parents gave a coming-out dance in Belgrave Square. Flowers for the evening came up from Newlands, their lovely place which overlooks the Solent. The balcony round the ball-room made an admirable sitting-out place, and other most attractive features were Ambrose's band to dance to and green beer to drink.

Sir John and Lady Power's friends helped to make the evening the great success it was by giving lots of nice people dinner before-hand. Lady Field, wife of the First Sea Lord, brought her grand-daughter, Miss Patricia Jackson, who wore white. Lady Hailsham, Lady Ashton, and Mrs. Victor Russell also came with contributory guests. Miss Blanche Arundel looked very well in black, and others who come into my mind are the two Alington girls—from Eton, of course—Miss Peggy Knowling, and Miss Babington-Smith. Then there was Miss Pat Allen, who has been known to complain that among cricketing friends she is more often described as "Gubbie" Allen's sister than as herself. Miss Rosalind Normand is prettier than ever since she returned from abroad, and Miss Eleanor Ponsonby should be proud of having been one of the first to master the art of extracting music from a common saw.

* * *

The United Hunts Meeting at Lingfield was the jolliest possible one, with the exception of one race all the horses were occupied by G.R.'s to the best of their ability, which was considerable. The professionally-ridden race produced the most exciting finish, when a tremendous battle was fought between first and second favourites, to the ultimate advantage of the latter. Mr. Brandt, owner of Near East, was there to see this triumph, and his daughter, Mrs. Henry Bleaker, looked exultant as well as very handsome.

The match between Mr. Paget and Mr. Robin Mount also produced a thrill, Mr. Mount's Yuarite justifying his name in the end. This racecourse being an Eridge stronghold, Lord Abergavenny's victory with Irish Lancer was a particular success. Lady Camden, in brown, had both daughters with her, each in a different shade of green. Lady Penrhyn came all in red, Miss Sylvia Portman in dark blue, and Mrs. Charlie Mills also in a red hat, left nothing to chance and the coldish wind by wearing a brown fur coat. Lady Mount, in black and white, had especial interest in her brother-in-law's match, and Mrs. Guy-Larnach-Nevill, in green with a short fur coat should not be omitted.

* * *

Whilst in racing vein I will relay news of the Pershore Meeting, the first day of which occurred simultaneously with Lingfield.

My geographical knowledge of the neighbourhood in question is a little vague, but these races are always a great attraction for Worcester, Buckingham, and Warwickshire residents. They came in their numbers, delighting in the bright Spring day and the enchanting view of Malvern and Bredon Hills clear, mauve,

(Continued overleaf)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

and blue, in the distance. Visibility of every kind was good, once round the circumscribed area making a mile; multiplication of this feat extended the distance at will for the longer races, so the horses are always in range.

Lady Chesham came to see her St. Jude run second, Lord Stalbridge having less satisfaction in the same race. Mrs. Peirse - Duncombe, too, had a horse in the last race, but perhaps its name, Camp Bed, gave it idle ideas.

Few guardsmen throw down their swords for a paint-brush, but Mr. Fergus Graham made this exchange, and the satisfactory result may be seen at the Redfern Gallery, whilst at the same time, his picture, "Houses in Kensington," is hanging in the Academy. Lots of people came to the opening of his second exhibition, including Lady White-Thomson, in cherry-colour, Lady Chalmers, Madame Briani, the singer, and Mr. Cunningham-Graham. Also Lady Blomfield and the artist's wife, who looked charming in black and beige.

I liked enormously the tones of his Dorset landscapes, one of which was bought by Lady Chalmers, and also his flower pieces which are delightful in their lack of intricacy.

Not often do you find Belgrave Square infested with people carrying paper bags. This curious phenomenon was the result of a bright idea for raising charitable funds. Unusual methods of encouraging generosity are welcome, and the Victoria Hospital for Children was lucky to have a committee which organized a sale of hats for its benefit. It was by no means a bazaar, as cooperation with the best hat shops enabled people to satisfy a desire for a new hat; any prickings of conscience were allayed by thoughts of the resulting advantage to the hospital.

Lady Eyres-Monsell believed in charity beginning at home, so lent her house for the day. Friends came to buy and sell, and among those who used their powers of persuasion with great effect were Lady Mary Manningham-Buller, Mrs. Underdown, and Lady Millbank. Further supporters were Lady Nora Hodgson and Lady Palmer, whilst Mrs. Wilson FitzGerald's tireless work was invaluable. One of the most appealing people was Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who sold hats by a successful system of his own and, when necessary, clutched at a straw and displayed its merits on his own head.

A frequent rendezvous this season is 40, Grosvenor Square. Two dances running happened there last week, but I

am going to tell you only about the first. The site for these jollifications has seen some curious contrasts since it ceased to be a private house, for last year it was the temporary habitat of the Soviet Embassy. Now, denuded of all trappings except two lions' heads which occupy the staircase, the resulting space is much in demand for present evening antics.

The programme at Mrs. Graham Hutchison's ball included many waltzes and polkas, called old-fashioned by some, but they are actually the most modern things you can do, given sufficient breadth. The tulips and lilies which pervaded the house were quite lovely, and the aforementioned lions will probably make history before the summer is done. That evening, at least, one debutante had her bump of locality deranged by an encounter with one of the monsters, caused by the crush on the stairs.

The reason for all this was Miss Barbara Hutchison, in pale pink chiffon, whilst her eldest sister, Catherine, was in mauve and ear-rings. The hostess's diamond tiara and ropes of pearls were worn with a blue dress and with great success. Miss Elizabeth Loeffler looked

really lovely in black and white; her profile is particularly good. Most of the winter she has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Gretton, either hunting with the Meynell or in Leicestershire. Miss Cynthia Pratt, in oyster-satin and a red scarf, also looked ripping; her perfect white teeth are lucky possessions to combine with her dark colouring. I still have a concert to tell you about, so can do no more than add a list of a few more belonging to the order of facial merit: Miss Elizabeth Brand in blue, Miss Sylvia d'Oliveira, Miss Margaret Thesiger, and Miss Catharine Horlick were four among dozens who deserved a place.

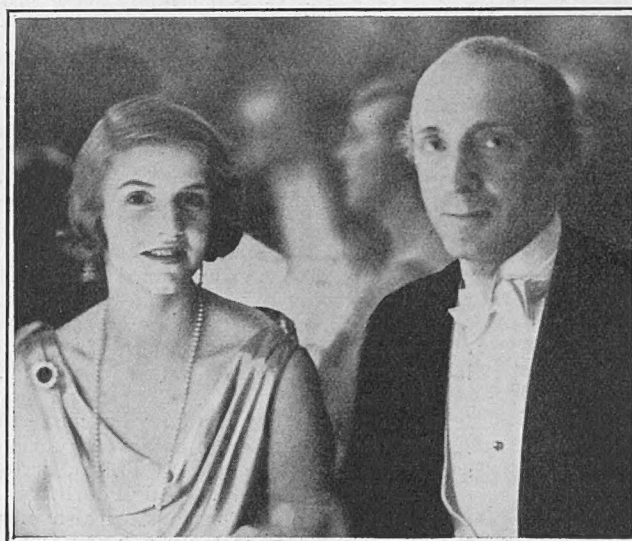
The concert in question was given in Brook House with Lady Louis Mountbatten as hostess to the first of the "Æolus" series. Miss Olga Lynn is the promoter of the plan in conjunction with Mrs. Charles Aubrey Cartwright, who wore an arresting red chiffon dress with a Persian toque, otherwise black and white in varying degrees were almost universal. Lady Brecknock, Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch, and Lady Maud Warrender were all good advertisements for this combination, but Miss Irene Vanbrugh's dark red coat and Mrs. Claude Hawker's green one lent a nice touch of colour.

Now about the music—what a wizard Sir Thomas Beecham is! His orchestra played in the balcony of the Marble Hall, and to say that the company was "all ears" is to put it mildly. We were transfixed throughout the programme, which included work by Handel, Delius, Mozart, and Debussy, whilst two movements of Beethoven's "Second Symphony" were kept as the *coup de grâce*.—EVE.



SIR CLIVE MORRISON-BELL, M.P., RETIRES

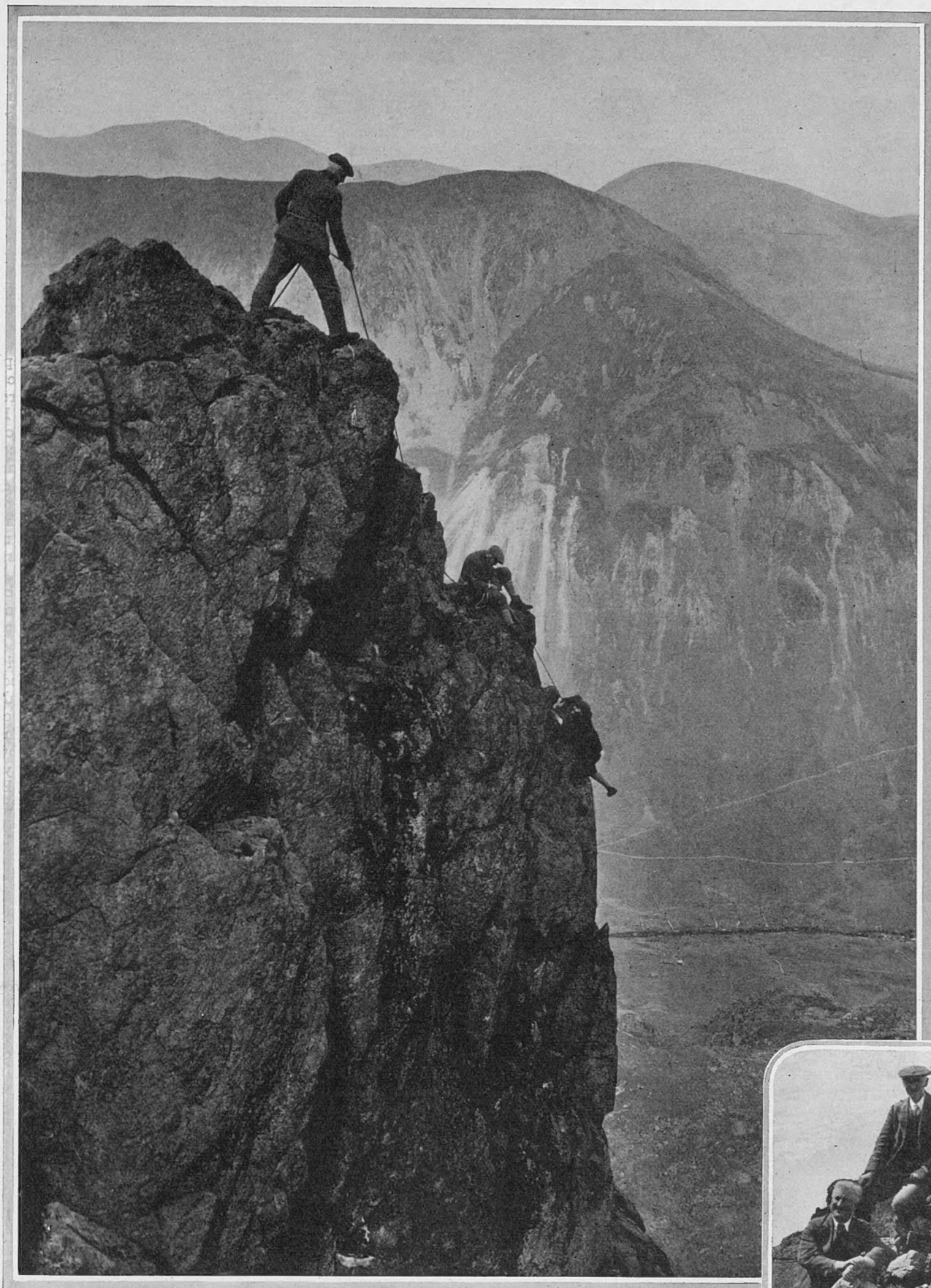
A group taken outside the Dolphin Hotel, Honiton, Devon, where the meeting of the Honiton Division Conservative Association was held, at which Sir Clive Morrison-Bell announced his intention to retire. He has been member for the Division for twenty-one years. In the group in front are Lady Clinton, Lord Clinton (with cap in his hand), Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, Lady Sidmouth, Miss Morrison-Bell, Lady Morrison-Bell, Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, Mr. Cedric Drewe, and Sir John Kennaway



THE ANGLO-HUNGARIAN SOCIETY DINNER: PRINCESS OTTO VON BISMARCK AND H.E. BARON GEORG FRANCKENSTEIN

The Anglo-Hungarian Society's Dinner, the first of its kind in London, was held at the Hungaria Restaurant, the Marquess of Londonderry being in the Chair, and the Prime Minister was amongst the distinguished guests. Prince Otto von Bismarck, whose beautiful wife is seen, is a second secretary at the German Embassy. Baron Franckenstein is the Austrian Ambassador to St. James's

NOT TOO OLD AT SEVENTY-FIVE



DR. COLLIER CLIMBS THE PILLAR ROCK, ENNERDALE
(INSET) DR. COLLIER ON RIGHT

To celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday, Dr. Collier, the well-known climber of pioneering days, made a very notable ascent of the famous Pillar Rock above Ennerdale in Lakeland. Besides being a remarkable athlete, Dr. Collier is noted as ex-President of the British Medical Association and Senior Physician at Oxford. He was medical attendant to Royalty when the Prince of Wales was at Magdalen College. This climb was made most successfully by ascending the great rock from the west side, where a difficult variation was made on the upper part. The descent was made on the east side. The veteran enthusiast was led by Mr. George Abraham of Keswick, the other members of the party being Messrs. Ashley and Harry Abraham.

Photographs by Abraham, Keswick



The Cinema : The Film Considers the Press

By JAMES AGATE

FAME was described by the poet as the last infirmity of noble mind. But the poet who wrote that lived three hundred years ago in an age before newspapers and at Chalfont St. Giles. Switching to what would on the surface appear to be a wholly irrelevant topic, let me remind readers that nightly at the Playhouse Mr. Gillie Potter prefaces the entertainment with some account of the social activities of the Bishop of Chalfont St. Giles. The point is that this is an age in which His Lordship would prefer Mr. Potter's publicity to none at all. The age is publicity mad, and perhaps Milton might have defined the hankering after notoriety as the first weakness of the ignoble mind. Publicity as the present age knows it began in the columns of a weekly paper now defunct, a paper called "Modern Society," while another paper, still happily with us, made a feature of a column entitled "Entre Nous." I remember a comedy of the 'nineties in which some lady's petulance and lack of spirits were attributed to the fact that she had not been "entre-nous'd," whereas some other beauty had. I remember being on a train which ran into the buffers at Euston and partly mounted the platform. Though on holiday I still thought it my duty to rush to the London office of the provincial paper which at the time I cumbered with my services, and inform the editor of the occurrence. The editor who, of course, was Scotch, at once demanded a list of the notabilities on board. I modestly said that there had been none. "A paltry accident," he said, and waved me out of the office. Mr. Beverley Baxter told the Dramatic Critics' Circle at a recent banquet that if Mr. van Druten's new play to be produced the following evening turned out to be a master-piece of dramatic art exceeding *Edipus Rex* and *The Belle of New York* put together, he should rejoice as an individual, but as editor dispose of the matter in a couple of inches. But if the Mayor of Twickenham, sitting in the fifth row of the dress circle, should die of apoplexy, or if a lapse of memory on the part of the leading lady should cause Mr. van Druten sitting in his box to pull out a revolver and bespatter that compartment with his brains—that, said Mr. Baxter, would be news. As a man he would deplore both incidents, but as an editor he would devote to them his front page.

Allied to this mania for publicity is the mania for speed. It does not seem to matter very much what news is printed so long as you are the first to print it. Take Derby Day. Anybody who has ever been in Piccadilly Circus at five minutes past three on Derby Day will have noted how traffic seems to slacken, and people, even old ladies and clergymen, who would not know a race-horse from an elephant, and cannot be presumed to be financially interested, hang about idly as though waiting for momentous news. Everybody is waiting for the first rush of the newsboys in a frenzy to learn something which at six o'clock that evening will not have the remotest significance. For years the dramatic critics have been asking that they should have Tuesday in which to consider Monday night's play, their lucubrations to appear on Wednesday morning. Human nature has set its face against this, preferring to be misinformed to-day rather than correctly instructed to-morrow. Yet I can remember a time when things were very different. I remember as a boy spending my holidays in a village in a remote Yorkshire dale. There were no local papers, and we depended for news upon the Manchester newspaper of the day before posted to us from my father's office. Now consider that the month was always August, the cricket season was drawing to a close, and the minds of all small boys hailing from Lancashire held only two topics. Would Albert Ward head the averages? And would Lancashire get its nose in front of Surrey and Yorkshire? County matches in those days finished on a Saturday. There were no Sunday

newspapers, or, if there were, none was allowed within our ken, and for the result of Saturday's play we had to wait till Tuesday's post bringing Monday's paper! The suspense was unendurable, and almost marred the holiday of five little boys. Oh, the rapture of the visitor from London bringing that very day's paper in his pocket! But that delight destroyed the next day, and to-morrow, which since its news was stale, became a *dies non*. During the War there was a small party of Englishmen marooned on the Indian frontier beyond the reach of post, telegraph, and wireless. One day a consignment of supplies arrived containing a complete issue of "The Times" for six months with the sender's promise that it would be repeated six months later. With almost inconceivable self-control the party pledged themselves and each other to take the news as a daily ration one day at a time. Whether England had won or lost they would not anticipate, but share the common suspense of the people at home. I think they must have been super-men!

The Front Page, the new film at the Tivoli, is an epic of publicity and speed, letting us into the lives of those who

conduct both campaigns. There was once a Lancashire Justice of the Peace who, asked to issue a warrant for the apprehension of a man "wanted" in London, asked for what crime and was told murder. "Murder?" said the Justice. "By gum, they do get up to some pranks in London!" English imagination boggles at the pranks of this film's American journalists in comparison with whom our own Mr. Swaffer would seem to be an entirely ineffectual angel. The plot is sufficiently remarkable. A starving Socialist in a small American town shot a negro policeman who tried to prevent him from waving a red flag during a demonstration. It is alleged that the policeman began the offensive by assaulting the Socialist, who in view of the excitement and the unprovoked attack might very well get away with something less than murder. But it is the eve of the municipal elections, and the mayor and sheriff, anxious to conciliate the negro vote, are determined that the Socialist shall hang. Half the film consists in the efforts of the reporters who are gathered for the hanging to swell the story to front-page size, and if the film gives a correct portrait of American journalists, we can only gather that American journalism is compounded in equal proportions of turpitude and silliness. Presently the prisoner escapes, and the editor of one of the newspapers,



GEORGE ARLISS IN "THE MILLIONAIRE"

The hero is a real millionaire, but no one knows this when the story opens as he is working in a small garage. He is only doing this because he is bored stiff with the idling ordered by his doctor. It is an amusing story well acted and founded on the book, "Idle Hands"

together with his star-reporter, hide the poor fellow in a roll-top desk, which they pretend is sanctuary, the notion being to re-deliver him to justice the following day after having secured a front-page scoop for that day's paper. Ultimately the man is pardoned, and the star-reporter goes off to his interrupted wedding with a nauseatingly foolish young woman. The editor gives the reporter his watch, and then has him arrested for theft, presumably to wed him finally to that profession from which he is showing signs of breaking away. My own reaction to this film is that it is unbearably noisy and rather dull, and that the essence of it could have been got into half-an-hour. American journalism may be an American tragedy, but I feel that it is a tragedy for American audiences. At least three-quarters of the action in this film consists in the telephoning of the reporters to their offices, the hideous monotony of which so got on my nerves that I could have screamed. It is proper to say that Mr. Adolphe Menjou, recovering from some recent limp and fish-like rôles, gives a performance of great nervous energy. The film's real hero, however, is Mr. Pat O'Brien, who reproduces with perfect truth the full obnoxiousness of American and pushful youth. It is only fair to say that any view about this film must be extreme. I feel sure that anybody who can manage to like it at all will like it enormously.

AT THE PLAYHOUSES



Mlle. TAMARA KARSAVINA

Joan Craven



"THE CHURCH MOUSE": MISS SUNDAY WILSHIN AND SIR GERALD DU MAURIER

Stage Photo Co.



Sasha

IN "LONDON WALL," DUKE OF YORK'S: MISS HEATHER ANGEL AND MR. FRANK LAWTON

Mlle. Karsavina is Vice-President of the Camargo Society, whose object is to produce original and classic ballets four times a year; they have had a big success. Their next production will take place on July 5 and 6. That good murder play, "Black Coffee," so called because the medium is that particular fluid, after a big success at the St. Martin's has had to move on to The Little to make room for "Lean Harvest." In the picture Poirot, the brainy 'tec, is seen third-degreering Lucia, one of the numerous suspects. Mr. John Van Druten's little comedy of office life, "London Wall," is running on at the Duke of York's, and "The Church Mouse," with Sir Gerald Du Maurier as Baron Thomas Ulrich, and Miss Sunday Wilshin as Olly Frey, has been entertaining Playhouse audiences since the middle of April



Stage Photo Co.

"BLACK COFFEE" AT THE LITTLE: MISS JANE MILLIGAN AND MR. FRANCIS SULLIVAN



AT THE BORDER HUNT 'CHASES

Jan Smith

A group at Kelso last week in which the names are: Lady Rachel Home, the younger of Lord and Lady Home's daughters, the Hon. Jean Elphinstone, a daughter of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, Lord Dunglass, Lord Home's eldest son and heir, and some others whom the camera failed to recognize

THE first Spring meeting is over, leaving me with the fixed impression that if ever a Derby lay between two horses this is the time. Easily as Cameronian won at our end it is said that Goyescas lost the race at the start and killed his chance making up ground. Both horses were said not to be trained for the race, the Derby being their objective, but there didn't appear to be much left to work on with either, and while one is by Gainsborough the other is out of a Gainsborough mare, so that they should both get the trip. My idea is that Cameronian is a smasher. I thought him far the nicer horse of the two and I think he will win the race, with Goyescas as a saver in case the former should hit himself or go amiss in his work.

There did not seem to be anything very outstanding in the field for the One Thousand in the paddock with the exception of the outsize in "lads" in a bérêt leading a diminutive racehorse, and looking more like Carnera taking a borzoi for a walk. This filly, Tantine, ran extremely well in the race after being interfered with, and made up so much ground at the end of the race that she must have a great chance in the Oaks. She is now in the capable hands of Butters.

The race for the One Thousand was lost by the whip. Lady Marjorie, doing all she knew, swerved from it, and running on when it was put down was beaten a head. Without the use of it she was winning, so why use it? The two-year-old five furlong selling plate gamble tactics are not applicable in every race. Mr. Benson is to be consoled with on the defeat of his game filly, "Mat" Hartigan on the loss of the race and the Rolls it is stated he was to have been given, while Lord Edward forgot to write anything at all on his telegraph form and lost nothing. Of the rest Lindos Ojos stayed on well, Atbara is still the flying machine she was over short cuts besides behaving like a lady at the gate, and Turtle Soup will not find her form till later.

I have been asked so often why far the best fish, meat, and sausages should be obtainable in Newmarket, a town miles from the sea, situated in an ocean of plough without grazing for one bullock, and with, so far as I know, no outstanding piggeries. The old theory, that the sausages were made from the two-year-olds which were unable to go upsides with the trainer's hack by the end of March, is discounted by the number of these animals one sees scuttling about in selling races all through the season. The reason, I am informed, is that when anyone has a winning week they live on the most expensive that money can buy, while when the short heads go against them they live on oats and things, and if foreclosed on for the furniture furnished by John Drage's (of Chapel Brompton) way, with a nice bed of wheat straw, and a bucket of water in the corner. One half of them looked like being reduced to these straits after Xandover's

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

display in the Victoria Cup, while the other half would be celebrating Fleeting Memory's victory. The French horse had been tried very well, and his form is quite unaccountable and should not be taken seriously. Possibly his jockey was not at his best after his trying time in the courts. The Recorder ran but moderately and is not nearly at his best yet. One can imagine him on yielding going winning the Hunt Cup. The last race was won by Gigolo, a good stayer with a turn of speed who is improving every day and should be followed.

Sunday, May 3, was probably the longest day on record as it rained from dawn till midnight; and this after a losing week. No one seems to have invented new methods or improved on old ones for filling in these dreary interludes, the only bright ray being the arrival in London of two well-known big game hunters from East Africa, not unknown on the turf. Their safari had I gathered been successful, but the romance inseparable from a sea journey under an Eastern moon with the Southern Cross blazing in the sky had been completely dislocated for one by the undiscovered haddock his friend had placed under his pillow.

Partially fine on Monday, the rain came down continuously as soon as racing started on Tuesday at Chester, and three short-priced favourites getting beat made it no cheerier for backers. The first to go down was Comes (a Latin word meaning a comrade, pronounced with the E long and nothing to do with the verb "to arrive" or its ramifications), who unshipped his jockey at the mile-and-a-half start and came back on his own. Several people who had not been to Chester before thought that this was intentional, and that a horse was loosed off for the others to chase as at similar tracks such as Wembley. On being caught he played up at the post, and in the finish ran himself out in half a mile. Until, if ever, this horse settles he looks like being useless.

The Mostyn Stakes was won for Lady Ludlow by Greenore, a good-looking brown colt, who will win again and on whom Michael Beary rode an admirable race.

Two horses stood out alone for the cup, Trimdon and Brown Jack, the former looking the higher-class racehorse, but the latter better in himself than he has ever been. It is a great tribute to his trainer that this horse since sweeping the board over hurdles has won every important cup and nearly every long-distance race in England at all seasons of the year—Chester, Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster. No one, however, would hear of anything beating Trimdon, and the old warrior, starting at 100 to 8, gave him 6 lbs. and beat him pointless. Stephen, who had hurt his leg the day before, could not ride, so that Michael got the chance and rode him to perfection, as you know.



THE EARL OF PEMBROKE

Who is more often "Reggie" to the people who know him well enough. Lord Pembroke, who used to be in the Blues and in their polo team, is of the brigade of the "regulars"

THE R.N. MEDICAL CLUB



PERSONALITIES AT THE ANNUAL DINNER—BY FRED MAY

Some of those who look after the well-being of Jack afloat and ashore. Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Gaskell was in the chair. He is Medical Director General of the Navy, and Surgeon Rear-Admiral Bond, it is understood, will take over from him when the time comes. Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Hill was on H.M. the King's Staff on the Royal visit to the Delhi Durbar. Professor Fildes is a son of Sir Luke Fildes, the famous artist, Commander Parnell is the honorary secretary of the club, and Commander "Luigi" Smith is his able coadjutor

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

The Diary of Daisy Princess of Pless.

A YEAR or so ago, Daisy Princess of Pless published a book of memoirs which created something little short of a sensation. If her new book, "From My Private Diary" (Murray. 21s.), may not repeat that "sensation," it is nevertheless one of the most honest, most indiscreet (but not unkind), and most interesting book of reminiscences which has been published for years. As everybody Edwardian knows, the authoress, daughter of the beautiful Mrs. Cornwallis West, was herself one of the most lovely women of her time. She married the extremely wealthy Prince Henry of Pless, and went to live in Germany, where she existed in the very innermost circles of the Court and Society. And there, had she been merely a very lovely "Society woman," general interest, apart from things social, would have left her. But the Princess had inherited something more than mere beauty from her mother; she had inherited character and personality and that spiritual "something" which was utterly wasted in the glittering futilities of social life, as it certainly "glittered" in the years before the War. Her life, as extracts from her diaries reveal, was the life of a wild bird, caged and imprisoned amid pomp, the self-importance of which must be read about to be believed. Thus she writes in 1902: "... I am in the middle of the second phase of my life, and, alas! I begin to write in a spirit of sadness, with many illusions gone, most of my ideals broken (for I have come to believe that nothing really exists except in one's imagination), and most of the gold has rubbed off the dazzling frames that held but phantom pictures. I am fair and tall; I look well when I have spent some time in front of my glass with my head-maid, Marie, near to cheer me with compliments. Some think me lovely, but there is no accounting for taste; my husband, who is playing the piano as I write, says I am 'all that he wants'; such a declaration should be sufficient to satisfy the desire of any good and modest woman; but possibly I am neither good nor modest." Threaded, therefore, into the Princess's account of the great social world through which she moved, of the famous men and women she entertained and by whom she was entertained, there runs the pattern of her own private inner-life. It is this inner-life story which makes her book of an immensely greater interest and value than the usual memoir compiled from diaries. It shows us a brave, independent, un-class conscious, kindly, impulsive woman moving in a world as wealthy as it was narrow, as useless as it was magnificently ornate, as utterly removed from the big human world as it was powerful to sway the destinies of the huge majority. A woman forced to be for ever "on show," misunderstood, even frowned upon, simply because she tried to use her position to help poorer people, and tried to use her intelligence in a manner which had not been pre-ordained by the exigencies of the social caste. Nevertheless, a woman who was a great social success, who fulfilled her position brilliantly, but nevertheless felt contemptuous of that success, and found that position a somewhat irksome one when it had to be fulfilled so strictly according to convention. Yet, rarely have I read a book of memoirs which made the account of an almost exclusively social life so interesting and so amusing. Her judgments are always downright, but never unkind. She spoke her mind freely—even to the Kaiser and to the Crown Prince. She had a great gift for friendship, but she did not suffer bores gladly, especially pompous bores who imagined that an inherited position and wealth were somehow or other a favour conferred upon them personally by God. So you can read of receptions, dinner-parties, court functions without that

"flat" feeling which most descriptions of these tiring social ceremonies have, the feeling of being mixed up with dummy figures, each figure grinding out a dull record of the usual "charming thing to say" on this or any other occasion. Let me quote this passage, since it gives the "key" to the book's attitude towards the writer's life: "... We danced and played games together again after dinner..."

During the evening the Crown Prince grabbed at a bit of chiffon that I accidentally tore off my frock; I pretended not to see; he crumpled it up in his hand; I wondered how he would manage in dancing the lancers, as he had to give one hand to Mathilde and one to myself; at last he pulled his handkerchief out of his sleeve, stuffed the chiffon into it and put it back again. Now why did he do this? What it is to be young! ... Everything here is well done; crowds of servants in gorgeous liveries. I am at last becoming accustomed to having a red-and-gold servant escort me upstairs and throw open the door of my bed-room for me; but in the old days I hated it and I used to sneak away, to think, be alone, or watch for the post with a hard, dry throat. How I detested servants everlastingly following me about and

opening the doors. ... Finally, her tribute to the late Princess Victoria of Prussia is proof of her courage and of her gift for friendship. It is fine to read a woman standing up to defend, because, being also a woman, she understood another woman whom the world laughed at because when she was middle-aged a love-starved heart made a tragic fool of her, the world, of course, only seeing the foolishness, without a tear for the tragedy. Lastly, the Princess ends her book by a threat of silence: "For the past few years I have been a private person to whom nothing remarkable has happened, of whom there is nothing interesting to tell." Let us hope the threat will pass unheeded. I have a feeling that she will write the best book of all now that she is free, untrammelled, without the social limelight and the social "fuss."

Thoughts from "My Private Diary."

There is a difference between being unhappy and being sad; for sometimes the very happiness one feels in the warmth and light of the sun or in joyous surroundings makes sharper life's unavoidable

(Continued on p. 288)



Edmund Harrington
MRS. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

Who is chairman of the Æolus series of concerts which are to take place during the London season in the houses of various well-known London hostesses



SIR FREDERICK RICHMOND, BT.

From the portrait by Francis Dodd, A.R.A.

The admirable portrait which is in this year's Academy of the Chairman of Debenham, Ltd. The portraits in this year's exhibition at Burlington House are, according to many critics, the best feature of it, and the remainder has not been so favourably mentioned

“SIMILIA SIMILIBUS . . .” ?

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



Lady (having finished her gin): Phew, beastly stuff; give me another 'alf quartern to take the taste away

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

darts of sudden sadness; it is perhaps the loneliness of the soul, the groping in the dark for something steadfast and firm to lay one's hand upon."

"How seldom people find their happiness on a darkened stage; they must turn up all the limelights to find out."

A Wonderful Book of Adventure.

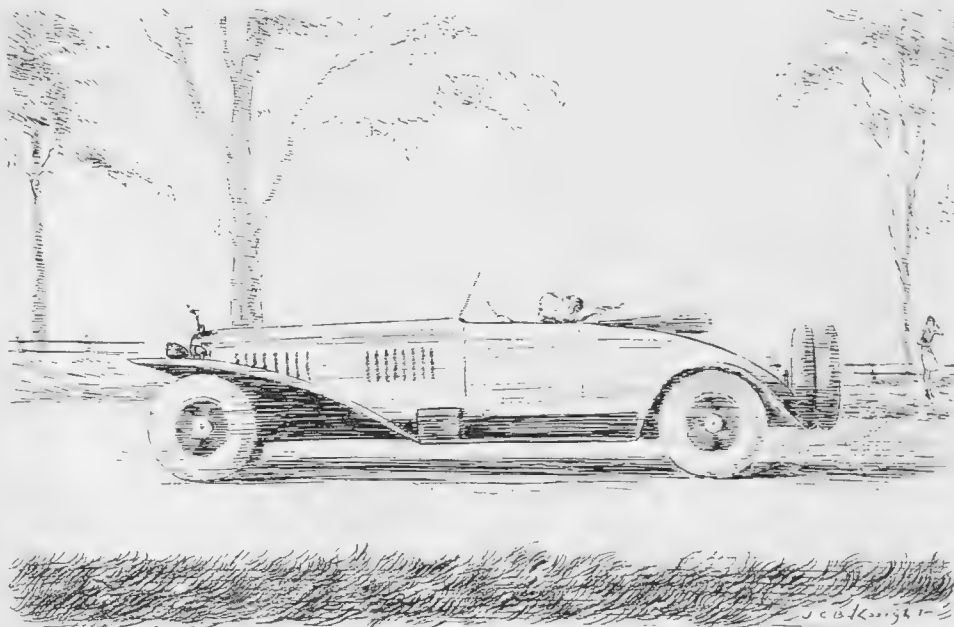
The War, of course, found the Princess of Pless a "suspected person" both in Germany, her adopted country, as well as in England, her native one. She returned home at the end of it to find that most of her English friends had deserted her. It made her miserable, and yet even in that tragedy of disillusion she was not unfortunate. Most of us know far too many people. We are lucky if circumstances arise which shake the majority of them off. Then, and only then, are we really free—free to know ourselves, to lead the kind of life which appeals to us, which helps us to develop, happy in the complete liberty of those we love, whom we know love us, and in being no longer the prey of acquaintances, the centre of futile jabberers, futilely jabbering. The world holds too many tom-fool ideals in front of the inexperienced. Most of us have to conform, alas, but it does not still the silent protest against such a circumscribed existence. One envies the man who can do what he will, go where he will; who has no unnecessary responsibilities, and is young enough to be able successfully, so to speak, to kick the parish beadle on his pants. Such a life, for example, as is described so vividly by Mr. Eric Muspratt in his thrilling book, "My South Sea Island" (Hopkinson. 7s. 6d.). Here are some of the things which Mr. Muspratt has been already in his short life. His father was a clergyman of the Church of England turned actor, turned bookmaker, turned secretary to a bishop, turned poultry farmer, cab-driver, fisherman, ship's carpenter, and taxi-driver. He failed enthusiastically in each—the result being that the author as a small boy had to sell newspapers, and then in quick succession became a baker's boy and a dentist's apprentice before he was thirteen. Then the inherited wanderlust seized him. He became a hobo and odd-jobber in U.S.A., Canada, Mexico, Hawaii, and Australia, joined the army at eighteen, came to Europe, returned to Australia, where he became co-lessee of a pineapple farm with a drunken partner, and finally in his very early twenties became manager of a coconut plantation in the Solomon Islands. It is of his unconventional and exciting experiences on the island of San Cristoval that his book tells. And undoubtedly it is the best book of queer experiences and strange adventure which has been published for years. Nor is it an adventure book without definite form. He took over the coconut plantation from the retiring Mr. Mumford—a fever-devastated and avaricious man. Within a very short time he had doubled the value of the estate. Then blackwater fever seized him. As he was slowly recovering Mumford returned. To his sickness and avariciousness was now added jealousy. Henceforth it was the hidden duel of a young man bursting with enthusiasm and energy, albeit laid temporarily low by fever, and an elderly opponent who tried to thwart him without openly acknowledging opposition. This then is the book's development as a story. And in between—what marvellous pictures of coral reefs, of a wild, untrammelled tropical life, of boar-hunts, swamps, alligators, and great

semi-cannibal feasts upon moonlit beaches! For all practical purposes the young author was for a period "King" of the island. He loved the life; he revelled in the liberty; he gloried in his youth and strength. His book has the "tonic" quality of something new and vigorous and strange. Moreover, it is admirably written. It is full of curious items of information—such as cannibals enjoying a gramophone record of Dvorak's *Humoresque*. There are some lovely passages of sheer pictorial description; some interesting pages of personal introspection. It is a "live" book. You will be thrilled by it, and interested from beginning to end. Only one thing it lacks to make it the perfect book of real adventure—illustrations. But then, one must remember that for a book of this kind it is extremely inexpensive.

Circus Life.

Personally I adore books which deal with a side of life of which most people, myself included, have only the vaguest illusions. Consequently, I was most interested in A. H. Kober's "Circus Nights and Circus Days" (Sampson Low. 12s. 6d.), an authentic description of life behind the scenes in a circus, written by a man who is a leading Continental figure in circus

life. All the hard work entailed; the queer folk who belong to the circus world; the fun, the hardship, the glory, and the disaster which go to make up life beyond the velvet curtains of the circus ring. Stories of lions, tigers, elephants; stories, sometimes comic, sometimes tragic, of the performers themselves. Making you understand the irresistible lure of the wandering life and all the excitements of a travelling show. So that those who have once lived and worked in the limelight are happy to return, even when they are old, to the scenes of their



"I say, what was that place we whizzed through then?"

"That? Oh, Winchester."

"Was it? Good. I'd often wanted to see Winchester!"

former triumphs, though they return only to perform some lowly labour. The bohemian existence of the stage and music-hall have been described often; the circus rarely. Here is reality, apart from fiction.

Keep Away from Strayed Women!

In a thoroughly "boyish" mood you will be thrilled by "Sleeping Beauty" (Jenkins. 7s. 6d.), by John Glyder. Two men, one married, motoring late at night from a cricket match, fall in with a beautiful but penniless young actress whom they are obliged to put up for the night, hoping to get her away so early in the morning that neighbours and at least one wife will never know. Unfortunately, one of the men doses the girl by mistake with such a strong sleeping draught to cure her neuralgia that she is "unwakeable" just when she should have been out of the house and off by the first train. From this situation the writer has built up an amusing and exciting story which will make a long railway journey seem like quite a short one—if you be in the mood simply for what is just a good yarn.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.

UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY



THE ANNUAL MILITARY SERVICE AT YORK MINSTER:

The names in this group are, left to right: In front—Major-General Sir Reginald May, Lord Deramore (Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding), Lieut.-General Sir Cameron Shute, G.O.C.-in-C., Northern Command, Sir Hugh Bell (Lord Lieutenant, the North Riding), and Major-General W. M. St. G. Kirke, commanding at Catterick. Behind Sir Reginald May is Colonel Herbert, G.S.O., Northern Command.

Howden



AT CHESTER RACES: MISS V. AND MISS B. REISS



ALSO AT CHESTER RACES: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AND CAPTAIN HILLIARD



LORD IRWIN'S HOME-COMING—A FAMILY GROUP AT HICKLETON HALL. NEAR DONCASTER

The annual military service in York Minster was as impressive a ceremony as ever, and a whole brigade of military bands assisted. Sir Cameron Shute and the other officers in the group are seen at the salute as the Lord Mayor and Corporation entered the cathedral. The Hickleton group of the ex-Viceroy of India is the first taken since Lord Irwin's return. Hickleton is Lord Irwin's father's, Lord Halifax's, seat. On the left is Lord Irwin. In the centre Lady Irwin with Lord Halifax, and also in the picture are two of Lord Irwin's three sons, his daughter, and Colonel the Right Hon. and the Hon. Mrs. G. R. Lane-Fox, of Bramham Park, with one of their daughters. Mrs. Lane-Fox is Lord Irwin's sister. The Hon. Peter Wood, Lord Irwin's other son, is in quarantine at Garrowby for mumps. The two Chester pictures were taken on the day Lord Rosebery's Sandwich, his Derby colt, won the 1½-mile Chester Vase—a performance considered by many a good omen for Epsom



MRS. KEITH MENZIES ARRIVING AT THE BEAUFORT POLO CLUB
Mrs. Keith Menzies being helped from a plane in which she has just taken a joy ride round the polo grounds at Norton, near Malmesbury

"The Tatler" Scheme.

FIFTEEN aerodromes have obtained, at the time of writing, their full complements of TATLER free-flying pupils. For those who would like to try to be enrolled at any of the eight remaining clubs and schools, a list of which was given in last week's TATLER, it may be mentioned that the form of application appears in the issues of April 15 and April 22.

At Stag Lane I learnt that fifty-five applicants arrived in two days. I also learnt that the London Club, during the winter, did 50 per cent. more flying than during the same period of the previous year. Between August 1930 and March 1931 nearly fifty "A" licences were taken by members as against fifteen for the same period of the previous year. The flying rates at the London Club are now extremely low, being £2 an hour for dual and £1 an hour for solo.

At Brooklands the fifty TATLER pupils were given their trial lessons without delay and at the time of writing the work of selection is being done. When the new reception office and the club house have been erected and the aerodrome has been enlarged and improved, Brooklands will certainly become one of the most popular of the London aerodromes for amateur pilots. The authorities will be wise enough to see that it retains its distinctive character after the alterations have been made. There is a great deal of difference between the characters of Heston, Hanworth, and Brooklands, as can be felt directly one enters them. And it is to be hoped that the differences will be preserved, for anything approaching monotony of aerodrome type would be dull and would tend to reduce the pleasures of private flying.

What Lancashire Says.

Outside the London area THE TATLER scheme has had just as good a reception. The Lancashire Club has taken on its full complement of pupils, and expresses its opinion of the scheme in its official organ, "The Elevator." "We take this opportunity," says "The Elevator," "of congratulating THE TATLER which has always shown a lively interest in flying, and particularly in the activities of the light aeroplane clubs, on its public spiritedness in organizing the scheme, and we hope that it will prove a great success both from THE TATLER'S point of view and for all the light aeroplane clubs which are participating in it." The writer goes on to point out that, apart from the scholarship-flying training given by THE TATLER, all those who go to the aerodrome to apply for free trial lessons will be interested in flying and are potential pupils and club members.

The Cinque Ports Club has also commented very favourably upon THE TATLER scheme in its bulletin, and the general view seems to be that the scheme has given a fillip to flying throughout the country.

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

National Flying Services.

At Hanworth the other day a very pleasant dinner was given in honour of Mr. Frank Hawks by National Flying Services, Ltd. Mr. Hawks is an apostle of high speed civil flying. It seems, from a cursory glance at it, that Mr. Hawks' aeroplane obtains its excellent performance from two things—low weight and low resistance. So much attention has been given to the reduction of drag lately that, perhaps, there has been a tendency to forget the importance of keeping the weight down. In aircraft performance lightness is strength. Undoubtedly the structure weight of Mr. Hawks' aeroplane is extremely low. But that aeroplane is far from being a practical private aeroplane. In that respect such aircraft as the Puss Moth and the Robinson Redwing, to mention two typical representatives of the best British practice, are of much more advanced design. They are easy, economical, and safe in a much higher degree than Mr. Hawks' monoplane. Mr. Hawks' flights should be taken as an indication of the importance of low weight and nothing more. In the matters of drag reduction, economy, comfort, and safety, it can hardly be said that

the American machine excels. But events which emphasize the importance of keeping one eye always on speed in all matters of aeronautical development must always be salutary. Mr. Hawks himself, however, has probably done more to lighten our darkness than his aeroplane.

After the dinner at Hanworth there was a dance. The club house with its surrounding trees looks more and more attractive as the season advances. In the whole country there are not more pleasant surroundings for flying than at Hanworth, and it is convenient to have so large and well arranged a club house available on the aerodrome. I have heard pilots complain that buildings ought not to be in the middle of the landing area between the two aerodromes; but if they will refer to the Aeronautical Research Committee's Report on the ideal shape of aerodromes, they will find there conclusive arguments in favour of having all buildings grouped at the centre of the aerodrome.

Sails and Wings.

Dr. Manfred Curry's paper before the Royal Aeronautical Society on "The Aerodynamics of Sails" was out of the usual run of such papers, and was illustrated by an attractive film which included some fine pictures of small yacht races. But it was at the dinner afterwards, given by Mr. C. R. Fairey,

(Continued on p. 221)



AT BLUE BARNS AERODROME, COLCHESTER

A group at the inauguration of the new aerodrome last week. The names are: Mr. Royden Wormell (the organiser), Mr. C. N. Prentice, who is a private owner, Captain G. Lowdell, who is an instructor at Brooklands, Mr. F. H. Jolly, who is the hon. sec., and Mr. G. Howie, a private owner of a plane and also the owner of Blue Barns



THE VACANT SHIELD, OR THE INCOMPLETE COLLECTION

By Patrick Bellew



There are British bathing suits, this year, for men, women and children, that are making all other bathing suits glum with envy. *Wolsey* bathing suits—of smooth soft wool, with an elastic, close-ribbed knit that makes them fit, in the water or out of it, just like an extra skin. Colourings? Well, there are plenty in exactly yours—and that's all that matters. Patternings? Enough to make a carnival on all the beaches of England and France put together.

Wolsey bathing suits are shillings cheaper than imported suits.

Wolsey make crowds of bright beach suits, too; and hurry, they're going like hot cakes.



WOLSEY BATHING SUITS & BEACH SUITS

WOLSEY LTD., LEICESTER

PRIVILEGED PERSONS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



LORD D'ABERNON AND MISS CAVENDISH



MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL



LORD CRAWFORD AND TWO OF HIS DAUGHTERS



LORD ESHER AND HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER



LADY OXFORD AND THE HON. MRS. BECK



DEAN INGE AND MISS INGE

The term private view is rather a misleading one as far as the early inspection of the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition is concerned. So many well-known persons avail themselves of the privilege that Burlington House is usually more crowded on May 1 than on any subsequent day. This year the surge of celebrities was so great that pictures hung on the line often disappeared for long periods. Many sitters were present, among them Lord D'Abernon, whose portrait by Augustus John, R.A., had a perpetual crowd round it; the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, who was painted by Simon Elwes, and Lord Esher and the Hon. Virginia Brett, who figure in a family portrait by Philip Connard, R.A. Mrs. Winston Churchill, in a navy blue coat and a blue and white frock, came early, and so did Lady Oxford, who wore a short mauve silk jacket over her black dress. Lord Crawford was accompanied by Lady Katharine and Lady Barbara Lindsay, and Dean Inge also had his daughter with him.

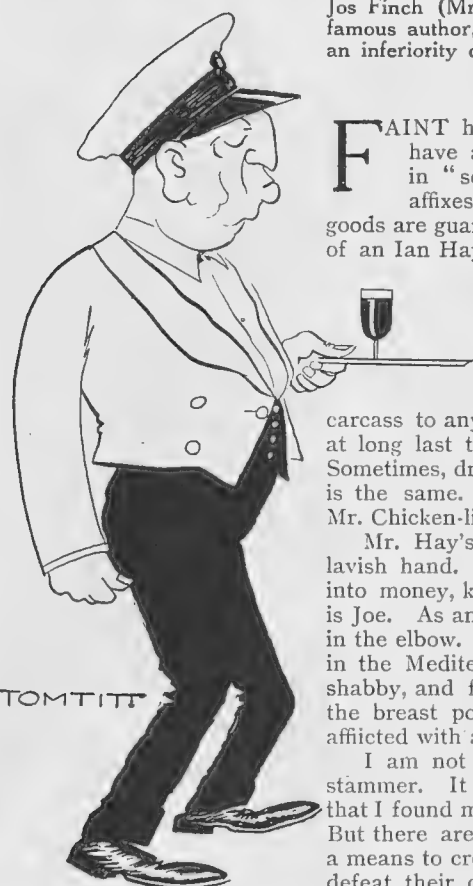
THE PASSING SHOWS

"Mr. Faint-Heart," at the
Shaftesbury Theatre



MR. FAINT-HEART WITH HIS "FAIRY GODMOTHER" AND THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS

Jos Finch (Mr. Basil Foster), the stammering bank clerk, pretends to be a famous author, whose charming wife (Miss Marie Löhr) urges him to drop an inferiority complex and win the lovely Myra (Miss Jane Baxter). She, too, is no end of a deceiver



"COCKTAIL, MISS"

The expressive countenance of the Lounge Steward (Mr. D. J. Williams) suggests that some of his customers are no better than lounge lizards

FAINT heart, the proverb says, never won fair lady, and proverbs have a way of being right. Their writ, however, does not run in "sentimental comedy," the trade mark which Mr. Ian Hay affixes to *Mr. Faint-Heart* to remind his public that branded goods are guaranteed to be of uniform quality and flavour. (The thought of an Ian Hay play with an unhappy ending is unthinkable. Would not every Amateur Dramatic Society in the country demobilize at once?) In real life we rarely suffer fools gladly; on the stage our natural contempt for the mug melts oddly in a sentimental glow of toleration. For two Acts and seven-eighths it is the business of the regulation inferiority-complex hero to blush and bungle and present his modest carcass to any bully or rival who cares to wipe his boots thereon. But at long last the poor boob clasps in his arms the girl of his dreams. Sometimes, driven to desperation, she clasps him in hers, but the result is the same. The shy man has found his feet, or rather his arms; Mr. Chicken-liver has stepped out of his shell.

Mr. Hay's hero, Jos Finch, loads the dice against himself with a lavish hand. Most young men, including bank-clerks who have come into money, know that if your name is Joseph the only decent alternative is Joe. As an Open Sesame to Society or Romance Jos is simply a pain in the elbow. On board the White Star liner *Homer*, pleasure-cruising in the Mediterranean, Mr. Finch is a fish out of water. His suit is shabby, and fountain pens, when in season, are not worn, with clip, in the breast pocket. His evening tie cannot be untied. Moreover he is afflicted with a stammer.

I am not saying a word against Mr. Basil Foster's stammer as a stammer. It soon produced in me a mild form of mental hiccoughs, so that I found myself twitching violently both in sympathy and anticipation. But there are obvious points to be made against its employment as a means to create either atmosphere or laughter. Most catch-phrases defeat their own purpose by repetition. Infirmities are too easy a target to provide first-class sport. A stammerer takes his own time. If he is cast for the rôle of the second footman it d-d-doesn't much m-m-matter. But Mr. Foster, being the leading man, is forced to set a pace that puts speed—and it behoves these airy comedies which depend on banter not to stand too long upon the order of their going—out of the picture.



A BRIGHT YOUNG PERSON

The languorous Daphne (Miss Elizabeth Allan), unmoved by the glamour of a life on the ocean wave, orders another cocktail

For two Acts, *Mr. Faint-Heart* bears some relationship to the stationary back-cloth of blue sea and sky. The play, like the liner, does not seem to be genuinely moving. No reasonable being expects to find a revolving stage at the Shaftesbury. Yet it is odd how one misses the illusion of movement in mid-ocean despite the scene-painters' accuracy in the matter of decks and cabins. The same sense of suspended animation was noticeable in the drama founded on the *Titanic* disaster. On the other hand the eerie immobility of the spirit liner in Mr. Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound* was an asset; the painted ship and the painted ocean were akin to the deep seas of the Beyond.

The glamour of *Autumn Crocus* and the whirligig of *White Horse Inn* almost tempt me to take a holiday in the Tyrol. Even if no counterpart to the Sanger Circus inhabits the nearest Schlöss, it would be good to rise early and climb the lower slopes of the Oswaldstöll, while the sun turns the snowy peak into a delicate pink and white blanc-mange, and every shrine on the mountain side is beset by Lancashire schoolmistresses over thirty-five, dithering in a crocus-pocus of virginal anticipation. About the alternative of a Mediterranean cruise I am not so certain. On the "Homeric" one hovers between two stools—the snobs and the masses. Audrey (Miss Elizabeth Allan) suffers from an abundance of arrogance, languor, cigarettes, cock-tails, and other symptoms of bright but insufferable youth. Tony (Mr. John Charlton), reputed to be the son of a baronet and indecently rich, is a brainless bounder. Aubrey (Mr. Michael Shepley), who runs the sports committee and the whole ship, indulges to excess in a diet of what one shudders to describe as the Oxford manna. On the whole one prefers Mr. Pumphrey from Lancashire (mainly because that ingratiating character-actor, Mr. S. Victor Stanley, is responsible for his blunt Ba'-gum-iness), and the spouse of his bosom (Miss Ivy des Voeux), whom he addresses in the select surroundings of the Verandah Café as "Mother."



THE SNOBS HIT THE DECK

Aubrey (Mr. Michael Shepley) and Tony (Mr. John Charlton) adopt a Mussolini attitude to the smaller fry. Mr. Faint-Heart withers away before them until he pretends to be the best-seller whose book-jackets describe him as knowing more about women than any living author



PORTRAIT OF A "BEST-SELLER" NOT AT HIS BEST

The real Julius Mablethorpe (Mr. Clive Currie) shortly after finishing his latest "deplorable" book in the privacy of his cabin, while his impersonator is making a hit on deck

Perhaps the only normal person on board is Mary Maggs (Miss Marie Lohr), who acts as fairy god-mother to the retiring Jos and the distinctly forth-coming Myra (Miss Jane Baxter). How charmingly, suavely, and graciously Mary performs the offices of good-humoured listener and wise counsellor may be left to the imagination of

anyone acquainted with Miss Lohr's accomplishments. It is a pity that the demands made on them should be all too slight.

Jos, to pursue Mr. Hay's slender story along its well-beaten track, having plucked up courage to speak to Myra, is brow-beaten into the background by the snobs. Even Mr. Pumphrey tells him off for cowardice, until at last the worm turns. Tired of being a nobody, he assures the winsome



LANCASHIRE IS NOT AMUSED

Mr. Pumphrey (Mr. S. Victor Stanley) and his Spouse (Miss Ivy des Voeux) more than hold their own with their social "superiors"

Myra (Miss Baxter's intensive methods seem to grow in eagerness every time I come under fire from her battery of charms) that he is none other than the world-famous Ju-hulius Ma-hablethorpe (otherwise Julius Mablethorpe), the author of the best-seller he has just lent her. Myra falls down and worships and the rest of the ship's company follows suit. Unfortunately for Jos, Mary's euphonious surname of Maggs is a *nom du voyage* to ensure complete privacy for her husband, the real Julius Mablethorpe, who is confined to his cabin until his next book is finished. This is a pity, because it means that Mr. Clive Currie is invisible until the third act. When he does appear the pace quickens and the humour takes on a sharper edge. Mr. Mablethorpe, in the throes of composition (hesitating between "strong" and "sinewy" as the appropriate adjective for the hero's arms), blustering with a bark that is worse than his bite, giving himself, his publisher, and his "deplorable" books away with a dry relish, but always yielding meekly to wifely persuasion, is such good company that one sighs to think of how much his tonic properties have been missed on deck. Mr. Currie, the most experienced batsman on the side goes in last but knocks up top score. Mr. Foster, whose patronymic is an excuse for continuing the metaphor, carries out his bat after a patient innings on a slow wicket, and the rest of the side compile a team-binding collection of useful knocks.

Just to reduce the author's pleasant world of make-believe to more reasonable, but none the less romantic, proportions, Myra's aunt, alleged to be confined to her cabin, evaporates at the appropriate moment into thin air. In other words Myra has no aunt, and is just as much a deceiver as Mr. Faint-Heart. She lives, not in a moated grange in Dorset with yew hedges and peacocks, but in a Bloomsbury boarding-house. Her real name is Molly; she has won £250 in a crossword puzzle competition, and deserted her typewriter for a slap-up holiday. Which proves again that the nicest people lie like troopers on board ship, simply because they can't help it. "There's something in the sea-side air" as the song says. "TRINCULO."

MISS WINNIE MELVILLE'S
WONDERFUL PARTY

HERR RICHARD TAUBER, HERR LAURITZ MELCHIOR AND MR. DEREK OLDHAM



MADAME MARIA OLCZEWSKA AND M. IVAN ANDRESEN



MADAME MARIE MELCHIOR

MADAME GRETA ANDRESEN, HERR LAURITZ MELCHIOR, MADAME FREDA LEIDER AND
MISS WINNIE MELVILLE

Photographs by Tasker

Miss Winnie Melville, who, as everyone knows, is Mrs. Derek Oldham, gave a wonderful party to the Covent Garden Opera Stars to see the last performance of her husband in "The Song of the Drum," at Drury Lane. The celebrities included Herr Lauritz Melchior, the greatest living Wagnerian tenor, and his wife, Herr Friedrich Schorr and his wife, M. Ivan Andresen and his wife, Madame Freda Leider and her husband, and Madame Maria Olczewska, the Frika in "Die Walküre," and, as will be seen, Herr Richard Tauber, who is in this new musical play, "The Land of Smiles," music by Franz Lehár, which has followed. "The Song of the Drum," at "The Lane." Herr Tauber is one of the most highly-paid operatic artists on the stage, and those who have heard him in this new play express no astonishment. After seeing the last performance of "The Song of the Drum" with some of her guests, Miss Winnie Melville picked up a further contingent at Covent Garden Opera House, and finally everyone assembled to refresh at the Savoy Hotel where these pictures were taken.



THE HON. MRS. ROLAND CUBITT

Yevonde

When a woman possesses an unusual Christian name, it frequently follows that her personality is out of the common too. This is certainly the case with Lord Ashcombe's daughter-in-law, who was Miss Sonia Keppel before her marriage. She is of a very independent turn of mind, and does not suffer fools with any appreciable gladness. As will be observed from this new portrait, Mrs. Cubitt has a most attractive face, which is on the best of terms with to-day's fashionable head-line for hats. She also owns a nice family of three, a girl and two boys, the younger of whom, Jeremy John, was page at the Stavordale-Ward wedding last month. The Hon. Roland Cubitt used to be in the Grenadiers. He and his wife live in Hyde Park Gardens



IXO—"THE LIONESS OF THE RUE MOUFFETARD"

The heroine of one of the most elaborate leg-hauls Paris has ever perpetrated on the innocent tourist in search of underworld thrills. Ixo has just lost her action claiming £200 from the agency which staged the thrills. Mlle. Ixo, giving evidence, said that every night she used to make up as a woman Apache known as "the Lioness of the Rue Mouffetard"—a street formerly infested by Apaches in the Gobelins quarter of Paris—and take part in a scene in the catacombs in which she narrowly escaped being arrested by the police and was rescued by an Apache lover.

TRÈS CHER,—By the time you receive this the Colonial Exhibition at Vincennes will be—unless the unforeseen happens—open to the public! At the time of writing this *seems* an absolute impossibility, and if I were not accustomed to seeing the miracles that occur between disastrous dress rehearsals and triumphant first nights, I would swear that it *is*, rather than *seems*, impossible. Actually the whole place is a mess of mud, mortar, and scaffolding. The Public Works Department (or something of that sort), with its usual happy way of putting the cart before the horse, had finished all the walks and roadways with delightful tidiness over a week ago, but having forgotten to oblige the various refreshment booths, "hot-dog" stalls, and the smaller pavilions to have their gas, electricity, and telephone laid on at the same time, practically the whole place has had to be dug up again! All too drearily messy for words. The various *corps de métier* are working the clock round, and when I was there the other evening the night gangs were hard at it under the glare of immense search-(and other) lights! One would have thought oneself at Hollywood (such as I imagine it) rather than a suburb of Paris. Do you know Vincennes? It boasts of a most delightful little wood, and a picturesque old fort that for many years has served as barracks to the . . . search me, I can never tell one French regiment from another unless there are horses or tanks or camels around, and then not always.

We are having a lot of excitements in Paris this spring. Hardly will the Exhibition be open than we shall be rushing off in an exactly opposite direction to that other—and more aristocratic—suburb, Versailles, in order to elect a new President. Great doings! It is truly sad, of course, that *Gastounet* refuses to stand again and has struck for a holiday, but I heartedly sympathise with him. Think that, for the last seven years, he has practically been obliged to live in a dress suit (such an ordeal for a simple man), and imagine what his digestion must be like after the thousands of official banquets

Priscilla in Paris

he has had to attend . . . also, having earned a reputation for his charming smile and affability, how he must long to indulge in a good honest scowl for a change!

One wonders who the new President will be. Painlevé? Doumer? Léon Bérard? Maginot? The latter would be the most spectacular. Over 6 ft. tall, and with a romantic limp acquired—as sergeant Maginot—during the War. But what would the song-writers of the *cabarets* do? They are so accustomed to sing about his fondness for Maxim's and the Wine-that-bubbleth, which I suppose they would have to give up (so would he) if he became President, that they would miss him terribly.

At the time of typing it is not yet sure whether or no Briand will stand for election. If he is at all superstitious he will probably refuse, for as Gringoire points out, since the Constitution in 1875 the presidents who have survived office normally are few. Loubet, Fallières, Poincaré, and Doumergue, all four of whom were, or are senators, while Millerand, Deschanel, Félix Faure, Casimir Perrier, Sadi Carnot and Grévy were all *députés*. Millerand, Casimir Perrier, and Grévy were obliged to resign, while the others all came to a more or less tragic end . . . rather more than less! I feel that I have quite a sympathetic feeling for the simple-minded midinnette who is supposed to have suggested offering the job (of being President) to Don Alfonso!

A recent article in a Communist journal has aroused a good deal of amusement as the author of a diatribe against the ex-King of Spain begins with these words: "For the French nation the King of Spain is merely the charming son of Queen Amelia . . ." This is news to the French nation, for it has always imagined that Alfonso XIII was the son of the Queen Maria-Christina and King Alfonso XII! How one lives and learns . . . and by this I am reminded to thank my anonymous correspondent (though why anonymous, mademoi-

selle? have the courage of your convictions, my private address is 236, Boulevard St. Germain, don't be bashful!) for so kindly pointing out to me the couple of omitted hyphens that prove what a bad French scholar I am. You are quite right, mademoiselle, and in your eyes I stand corrected for it probably does not occur to you I never see the "proofs" of these columns and cannot therefore correct either my own slips or those of the printers.—PRISCILLA.



MLLE. HUGUETTE DUFLOS

A "roof" portrait of the beautiful French actress who is just back from Hollywood and now playing at the St. George. She was attacked and wounded by a mad woman in the street the other day, but is now on the high road to recovery



MORE "IT" BY CLARA BOW—OFF HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood's Titian-haired pocket Venus was said not to be making a "picture" when this photograph was taken but probably a good many people will think that she has. Clara Bow is only just over five feet, and, according to the movie-land "Who's Who," has "red hair and brown eyes." It is, of course, entirely unnecessary to make a further reference to the lady's vivacity for that has been done to death, but from the very first she was cast for parts which demanded the thing called "diable au corps," and magnificently did she rise to the occasion. "Rough House Rosie" was one of her early pictures

FOR YOUR INFORMATION



MLLE. ALICE NIKITINA

The entrancing Russian ballerina, who has been spending the Spring in the South of France, often practises a few steps on the Monte Carlo beach, where she is one of the most regular sun-bathers. Mrs. Satterthwaite was also photographed near the popular swimming pool at this delectable spot. She has had a splendidly successful Riviera tennis season, having won no fewer than seven Singles championships.

A BLACK CAT FOR LUCK
Victor Hey

Mr. Paul Latham, who stood as Conservative candidate for Scarborough, with the mascot presented to him by "Imps." Lady Downe, who is with him, is head of the local Women's Conservative Association and worked indefatigably during the by-election, the result of which is not known at the time of writing.

*P. O. Collier*MISS EFFIE
BARKER AND
MR. WEBSTER"

The only daughter of Colonel F. G. Barker, C.B.E., ex-Master of the Garth, has a very intelligent pupil in "Mr. Webster," her Shetland pony, whom she has taught to do all sorts of tricks. His latest is to sit on a hamper and then open it to help himself to a bit of sugar. Miss Barker is to be presented this season. Her brother, Mr. Edgar Barker, recently became engaged to Miss Nancy Longsdon, Mrs. Washington Singer's daughter.

*P. O. Collier*

SITTING UP AND TAKING NOTICE



MRS. SATTERTHWAITE



THE CIGARETTE

By Gordon Conway

IN THE BIRD-C



SOME FINE BIRDS IN SOCIETY

By THE

The names in this comprehensive aviary, left to right, are :
Top Left Branch—Mr. Willie Clarke, Mr. Hornung, Mr. Macomber, Mr. J. B. Leigh, Lord Allendale, Capt. Drummond, Mr. S. Beer, Capt. Whitaker, Sir Abe Bailey, B. Carslake, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Sol Joel

Top Right Branch—Mr. J. B. Joel, Mr. J. de Rothschild, Mr. A. de Rothschild, Dawson Waugh, Mr. M. Singer, Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen, Mr. S. Tattersall, Lord Carnarvon, Captain L. Montague.
Flying—Sir E. Tate, Steve Donoghue, M. Beary

Lower Branch—Lord Z. Rutherford, Lord G. D. Homfray, Major T. Bar, Stanley Wilson, Colonel Major V. Beatty, Captain

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Sloburn, Jim Santry, Tommy
Graves, Issy Isaacs, Scott Fry

Lower Perch—Major Fether-
stonhaugh, H.H. Aga Khan,
Dick Dawson, Lord
Lonsdale (Fred Darling
on his cigar), Lord Derby

Standing—Captain M. Weyland, Sir L. Richardson, Lord
Londonderry, Captain Boyd Rochfort, Atty Persse, Ossie Bell,
Mr. Landale Wilson, Lord Ellesmere, Mr. E. Esmond, Lord
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FROM THE FILM'S G.H.Q.



THE MARX BROTHERS



NANCY CARROLL



CAROL LOMBARD

The pretty picture of Nancy Carroll, who only made her film début in 1925, was taken about the time when she was busy on the new Paramount picture, "Stolen Heaven." She first made a hit in the film world in "Abie's Irish Rose" and as the heroine in "Marie Rose," a really genuine success. Carol Lombard is rated "America's loveliest blonde" by the experts in her own land, and possibly few people will enter any kind of appeal against this verdict after seeing the entrancing picture in this page. She is to be Gary Cooper's leading lady in his next film, for the title of which we are still waiting. The Marx Brothers—Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo—are hard at work at the Paramount studios on a film which apparently has the little hip-pocket flask seen in the picture as one of its properties. Londoners saw these funny vaudeville artists in the flesh at the Cochran variety show at the Palace Theatre some little while ago, but the *métier* of which they are fondest is the celluloid one

THE AIR MINISTRY TECHNICAL STAFF DINNER



MR. F. MONTAGUE, M.P., AND LIEUT.-COLONEL
F. C. SHELMERDINE



SQUADRON-LEADER
ORLEBAR



AIR VICE-MARSHAL H. C. T. DOWDING AND
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK



AIR-MARSHAL SIR J. F. A. HIGGINS AND
AIR VICE-MARSHAL T. C. HALAHAN



MR. C. R. FAIREY



MR. J. J. GILMORE (CHAIRMAN) AND
LORD AMULREE



CAPTAIN THOMPSON AND SIR ROBERT McLEAN

H.R.H. the Duke of York was fittingly the guest of honour at the annual dinner of the Technical Staff Association of the Aeronautical Inspection Directorate of the Air Ministry. The dinner was held at the Holborn Restaurant, Mr. J. J. Gilmore of the Technical Staff being in the chair, and supported, as will be seen, by the Secretary of State for Air, Lord Amulree, and the Air Ministry was further reinforced by Mr. F. Montague, the Under-Secretary, who is seen in the picture with Colonel Shelmerdine, the Director-General of Civil Aviation, in succession to the late Sir Sefton Brancker. Amongst others were celebrities connected both with aircraft construction (Mr. C. R. Fairey), and in flying them at high speed, Squadron-Leader Orlebar of Schneider Cup fame and distinguished people like Air-Marshal Sir John Higgins, who has been Air Member for Supply and Research on the Air Council since 1926; and Sir Robert McLean, agent of the E.I.P. Railway in India, and many more who made up a most interesting and, as may be justly said, intellectual concentration

THE POLO GAME ONCE MORE



Pool, Dublin

IN PHOENIX PARK: MR. CECIL BALDING, MAJOR O'RORKE,
MR. DURACK AND MR. R. H. USHER



Pool, Dublin

ALSO AT THE NINE ACRES: HERR VON DEHN, MR. MAXWELL
ARNOTT, MR. J. W. SHACKLETON, AND MR. W. MAGEE



AT OXFORD: THE HON. P. M. SAMUEL, THE HON. JOHN PEARSON,
MISS LEVER, AND LORD GEORGE SCOTT



AT THE BEAUFORT P.C.: MRS. FINDLAY AND
MAJOR AND MRS. HIBBERT

They have had drier and better weather to start their polo season in Ireland than we have here, or at the moment seem likely to get, for the London grounds are all wet as water. The Nine Acres in Dublin's beautiful Phoenix Park, where the All Ireland polo grounds are, are about the only spot where you can watch the game for nothing, and consequently thousands of Dubliners turn out whenever there is a good match on. Mr. Cecil Balding is one of the famous polo family, who ran an all-Balding team at Hillmorton. Mr. R. H. Usher is also well known in hunting circles, as also is Mr. Shackleton, who is in the other team, particularly in Meath. Herr Von Dehn is the German Ambassador to the Irish Free State. Mr. Maxwell Arnott is a well-known owner and trainer, and Mr. Magee goes with most of the packs round and about Dublin. Things have been easier where polo is concerned at the Norton grounds of the Beaufort Polo Club than in London, but they have nearly double the number of grounds we have all told. The other group is of some of the members of the Oxford University Polo Club. Lord George Scott is Lord Dalkeith's youngest brother and a son of the Duke of Buccleuch; the Hon. P. M. Samuel is Lord Bearsted's second son, and the Hon. John Pearson is Lord Cowdray's son

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

TWO Lancashire pitmen were walking along the road when one of them picked up a small packet of cocaine which had dropped out of a doctor's car.

"Ba goom," said one of them, "this is the stuff that folks snuff up their noses to make them feel fine."

"Let's have a try at it," said the other. They both did so.

"Feel any different?" asked the first man.

"Noa," said the other, meditatively, "except that I think I'll go and buy all the coal mines in Lancashire."

"Noa tha won't," said the other, complacently, "for ah'm not sellin' 'em."

The family lawyer was reading the will of a very rich woman. When he had disposed of the very near relatives he read—"And to my nephew, Percy, for his kindness in calling every week to feed my darling goldfish, I leave—my darling goldfish."

A man had been putting on weight and found his dress-suit was getting rather tight for him. He asked a friend who occasionally did a little tailoring in his spare time if he could let it out for him. The friend promised to do what he could. A week later the owner of the suit telephoned to know how the suit was getting on.

"Oh, not so badly," replied the friend. "I've let it out to four men this week."

The driver of the steam-roller came home one day and announced to his wife that he had received the sack.

"Oh," she replied, "what was that for?"

"It's what they calls 'red tape,'" said the man, disgustedly. "I just popped home to dinner on the roller and they sacked me for it."



HOLD THE PICTURE!

Jock taken at the crucial moment when the gent with the camera has said something about "Quite steady, please! Just moisten the lips and smile"



Dorothy Wilding

IN "AUTUMN CROCUS": MISS JESSICA TANDY AND MR. JACK HAWKINS

As "the young lady living in freedom" with the young man doing ditto, or in other words, the couple who are trying a companionate marriage in the Tyrolean Hotel in which the action of this good play by C. L. Anthony at the Lyric Theatre takes place. The companionate bride and bridegroom are "atmosphere" only in the main story, and have nothing actually to do with it

"Good heavens!" yelled the drill instructor to the middle-aged fellow who was trying to reduce his waist-line. "Go sharper."

"I can't go sharper, I'm tired," moaned the other.

"Tired? After ten minutes! Why, man, the Romans used to do this sort of thing for a couple of hours."

"Dare say they did," growled the perspiring pupil. "But I'm not a Roman, I'm a Wesleyan."

The new vicar called on one of his parishioners who was a keen golfer. "Why is it I never see you at church?" asked the cleric.

"Oh," said the golfer, "I spend my Sundays out on the links, using words that all appear in the Bible."

A man who found early rising a difficulty bought an alarm clock, arriving home with it, after a convivial night out, shortly before day-break. An hour or so later he was aroused by a terrific knocking on his front door. When he opened it he was confronted with an imposing policeman, who said sternly:

"This won't do; you must not annoy the neighbourhood in this fashion. Take it inside."

"Ah!" said the crestfallen householder, "I was wondering, just before I fell asleep, how the milk bottle came to be at my bedside."

The angler came home with several large fish.

"What do you think of these beauties?" he asked his wife proudly.

His wife sniffed. "You needn't try to deceive me. Mrs. Jones saw you in the fishmonger's."

But her husband was ready for it. "I know she did," he replied. "I caught so many I simply had to sell some."

The machinery in a large factory mysteriously stopped one day and no one could get it to move again. At last an expert was called in. He asked for a hammer, and after tapping here and there for a few minutes succeeded in getting the machine to resume work. He sent in a bill which read as follows:

"To tapping machine with hammer, £1. To knowing where to tap, £49. Total, £50."

Arrange for one of Miss Arden's famous skin treatments, and at the same time yield your hands and arms to scientific manipulations with these effective creams and lotions which so surely increase their loveliness. To reserve the hour you prefer, please telephone Gerrard 0870



It is an OPEN SEASON for ELBOWS

Sleeves are slipping shoulderwards. Three-quarter length . . . half-way up . . . mere shoulder caps! The elbow is emerging into a daytime existence. No protective evening make-up, no kindly lighting effects . . . it is completely exposed. Alas, that most elbows should be so unlovely, so rough and wrinkly! Their dire situation demands immediate attention. Only Nature can put a dimple in your elbows, but Elizabeth Arden can make them so soft and white and gracious, that this will never be missed

In Miss Arden's Salon, you may have a treatment that will mould hands and arms (and elbows!) to new grace and flexibility, and make them velvety and fine textured. At home, you should attack the roughened surfaces with Anti-Brown Spot Ointment and Ardena Bleach Cream. After this whitening treatment, use quantities of Orange Skin Food to enrich the skin and soothe it. Apply Muscle Oil liberally to the arms, using a rotary motion to stimulate circulation. Wash your hands and arms with only the finest soap. Acquaint them with the supreme luxury of Elizabeth Arden's Bath Mitts, rich with almond-scented lather. Afterwards, out of simple courtesy, accord them a delicate application of Hand Cream or Velva Liquid, to maintain their softness

Make your hands and arms and elbows an asset to your newest short-sleeved frock. . . not a menace!

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Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

THE Country Cousin, the one who has never been nearer London than Devizes or Daventry, not being an extinct species, it is obviously necessary that those who are about to give it its first glimpse of this gay and opulent city should make a serious attempt to think out a really instructive programme, and in so doing put in alternative items, as is done sometimes in the menus, or race-cards, of some restaurants, "Saumon fumé or grape fruit," "too dead fish, or eggs in too oily mayonnaise," and so forth and so on. For the Country Cousin the London Cousin might arrange it something like this, presupposing that the Big Idea is to give it a really rollicking time: National Gallery or the South Kensington Museum; the Tower of London or St. Paul's; the Houses of Parliament or the outside of the Athenæum; the Chamber of Horrors or the Royal Academy, etc. The Country Cousin not being the oyke it is represented to be by the comic artists may (a) turn the lot down, or (b) spin a coin and trust to luck. I should hesitate even to suggest upon which, if any, of these places of amusement set out above the choice should fall, but I think the murderers and poisoners collected by Madame Tussaud have slightly the better of the weights in the last two of the above cases. Most of Madame's ladies and gentlemen do resemble the human species—a good many at the other exhibition, especially those presented to us by the persons referred to by an eminent art critic as "the young men and women continually oozing out of the art schools of London and the provinces," do not. In fact it is not going too far to say that their pictures induce the belief that their sitters have been the victims of some evilly-disposed and bloody-minded plastic surgeon who has deliberately put things out of joint. My observation tells me that if, being an artist, you decide to "go modern" you must do this sort of thing and produce results like that terrible white donkey with white flannel rabbit's ears, or some gambolling cows in a rick-yard which appear to be the reflection seen in one of those funny mirrors that they have at places called "Fun Fairs."

Also apparently you must compel your unfortunate victim to have a wooden leg, advanced thrombosis, and things which, where horses are concerned, are called wind-galls. For the benefit of those whose veterinary knowledge is scanty, it may be explained that these things in human beings mean puffy enlargements round the ankles. If you "go modern" it is also quite wrong to allow your victim to have eyes that are a pair, and you will be well in the movement also if you give him, or her, a pronounced goitre, and hands rather like a lizard's



MR. AND MRS. H. LLOYD THOMAS AND THEIR BURTON WINNER, "DESTINY BAY"

Mr. Lloyd Thomas, who is on the staff of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, stepped almost straight out of an aeroplane to ride this winner at the Burton Hunt Chases. Some people prefer both kinds of flying



Arthur Owen

AT CASTLE MILK: LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

Castle Milk, Lockerbie, is the Dumfriesshire seat of Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, M.F.H., who has been Master of the Dumfriesshire Hounds since 1921. Lady Buchanan-Jardine is a daughter of Lord and Lady Ernest Hamilton, her father being an uncle of the Duke of Abercorn

paws and the length of a femur or thigh-bone. Hair should be painted to represent, as nearly as possible, Edinburgh rock in process of manufacture and before it has had time to get hard. Clothes, particularly trousers, can be left, I feel sure, to the mordant pen of my confrère on that always entertaining journal, "The Tailor and Cutter." It is indeed lamentable that raiment in our pictures shows no signs at all of any improvement, and no more attention is paid to it than there is to anatomy. A really good tailor ought to be, and usually is, a first-class anatomist. This good person does not, however, pretend to be an artist. All that he says is that he will try to do is to make his client look as nearly human as physical conditions will permit. The artist gives no such undertaking. Finally, I think it is only kind to remind anyone whom it may concern that it is libellous to put anyone who has not been hanged in the Chamber of Horrors, but that you can hang almost anyone you like in the Royal Academy with complete immunity!

As so many people appear to be still under a misapprehension as to the date of the next Hoghunters' Dinner in London, and believe that it is to be held this year, it is necessary to announce yet once again that no further gathering is to be held till next year, 1932, probably in June, as was the case when the first dinner in 1929 was concerned. After that dinner the Committee decided that instead of making it an annual function as some people thought that it ought to be, it would be better to hold it every three years, and so that is what it has to be. The first dinner at which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales graciously consented to be present was a definite success, and there is no particular reason why the one next year should not repeat the process. As the Committee paid "Sabretache" the great compliment of electing him permanent honorary secretary, he undertakes here and now to try to make it so.

At the last dinner F.M. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught graciously consented to be patron, and the chairman was Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell, and on the committee were the late General the Right Honourable Sir Bryan Mahon, Lieut.-General Sir E. Locke Elliot, Lieut.-General Sir Webb Gillman, Lieut.-General Sir James

(Continued on p. viii)

MILES OF SMILES

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POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"

IT was not particularly encouraging to see the "no polo" notices up at the London clubs in the very week in which polo and Queens of the May both come into their own again. At Ranelagh, where they are better off for grounds than either Hurlingham or Roehampton, they hopefully published the draw for their Fortnightly Cup; but at the time these notes have to go into the never-sated maw of THE TATLER'S printer, things do not look exactly rosy or even primrosy, for every available depression, as usual, is making a bee-line for the British Isles, a regular magnet for anything peculiarly unpleasant in the way of weather. Even at the Beaufort Club at Norton, where they are not on a clay soil as we are in London, and can afford to have a ground a day cut to ribbons, because they have so many, at least one for every day of the week and a couple over, plus practice grounds, they have been carrying on under difficulties. This is a fair index of our troubles, and where International affairs are concerned the wonder is not that we do so badly, but that we are able to do anything at all in the way of giving an All-England team the kind of practice it has got to have. This heavy handicap of the English climate, I venture to suggest yet once more, is never taken into sufficient account. We cannot rely upon our teams getting the continuous practice at the necessary pace in these damp islands. No team has won the International Cup since the 1914 one, which was sent to Spain for its early training. Spain or Cannes are the only near-by places if it is decided to keep on trying to do the initial training on this side of the Atlantic. The next nearest possible place is Cairo, where regimental and other teams might be available as trial horses for the International one; but it would be more economical in the end not to make two bites of a cherry and ship our expedition to America straightaway. However, as we are not immediately concerned with International matters this season, even though some of us think we ought to be if we want to put up a fight in 1933, it is, perhaps, of no avail to continue to harp upon a rather frayed string.

In the London clubs there are two changes of polo control: Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Scott-Duff, a former manager of Hurlingham and assistant polo manager, succeeding Brigadier-



THE FINAL OF THE NORTON CUP

Captain Roark, the Hurricanes No. 3, is in front; the other player the camera has not identified particularly well. The Hurricanes beat the Greylings (rec. 3½) by 9 goals to 7½, and it was a good game in spite of the heavy ground



AT THE BEAUFORT POLO CLUB: CAPTAIN AND MRS. C. T. I. ROARK, LORD SEFTON AND SIR IAN WALKER

On the day the finals of the Norton and Cragwood Cups were played. This picture was taken outside the dressing rooms. Captain Roark has had his handicap raised to the "possible" ten points. The Dalmatians belong to Lord Sefton

General T. H. S. Marchant, who has so ably held the reins for ten years, succeeding another very popular personality, Major Blacker, who died in 1923. General Marchant, as all the polo world knows, worked literally like a horse and never spared himself. In Colonel Scott-Duff he has a successor who is equally enthusiastic, and of whom it can be said that he has for years and years been an integral part of Hurlingham and, during the time that he was manager of the Club, took a tremendous interest in the gardening side of it. In this respect he had a worthy next man in Mr. H. C. Brooke-Johnson, the present excellent secretary and manager under whose command things both indoors and out have run along so smoothly and so well. Hurlingham is one of the most charming spots in outer London, and the only drawback where polo is concerned is that it is so hard up for grounds, and now more so than ever since the Worcester Park grounds have had to be abandoned owing to the tightness of everyone's purse-strings. There is only the No. 1 match ground full size, and the No. 2 not quite full size, and no possibility of any extension, for Hurlingham is a little oasis in a rapidly increasing Sahara of stucco and bricks and mortar. The new block of flats which environ one side of it, and which even the tall trees fail entirely to defeat, make one think almost of New York.

At Ranelagh Lieut.-Colonel B. H. Mathew-Lannowe has been succeeded as polo manager by another soldier who has won great fame in the lists, Lieut.-Colonel T. P. Melvill, whose past form, I feel, hardly needs recapitulation. He was the famous 17th Lancer No. 1 ever since that wonderful regimental team came into being, and its No. 2 before that; got his International jacket in the ill-fated 1924 expedition to America and, like his predecessor, has always been a great figure in Army polo. During the time Colonel Melvill was doing a staff job in India after he had left the regiment, it was mainly due to him that an Army in India team went to Australia and, as I like to think, encouraged our cousins Down Under to come over here and taste our British cheer. How Goulburn tasted it in big spoonfuls and so nearly won the Championship at Hurlingham last season is history. I think everyone was sorry to see Australia beaten. Emphatically her representatives, those four hard-riding Ashton brothers, were not disgraced, and their performance was a revelation to most people of the marvellous progress Australia has made in face of that always rather unprofitable thing, taking in your own washing. The crab of that is that you never know where you are. Australia could not; but now she does quite definitely; for after their London season Goulburn went over to America on another reconnaissance, and a most useful one, as I think. He would be the last person in the world to admit it, but,

(Continued on p. xxvi)

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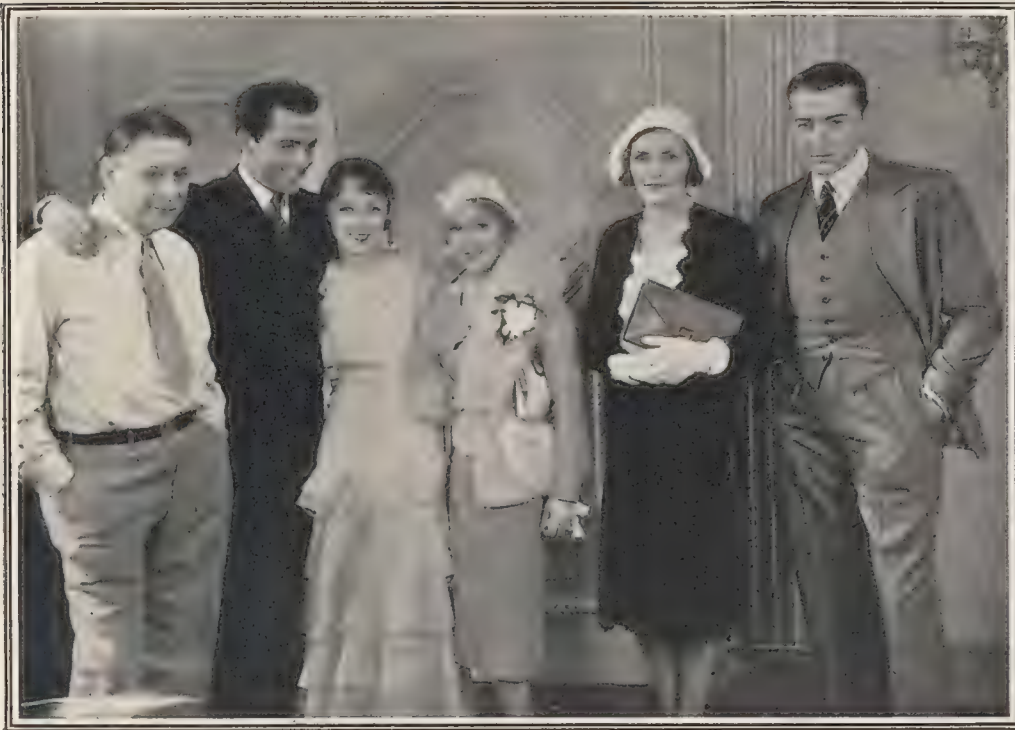
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An illustration of a woman in a white dress and a large red cape, holding a glass of sparkling water with bubbles rising from it. The background is dark with blue curved lines. The text 'Schweppes Table Waters' is written in a large, stylized font across the bottom of the illustration.

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ABROAD AND AT HOME



IN HOLLYWOOD: MR. PARANT (film director), MR. BUDDY ROGERS, MISS FAY WRAY, MISS MARY PICKFORD, LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, AND MR. CLIVE BROOK



AT ELVASTON: LADY HARRINGTON, M.F.H.,
AND LORD HARRINGTON

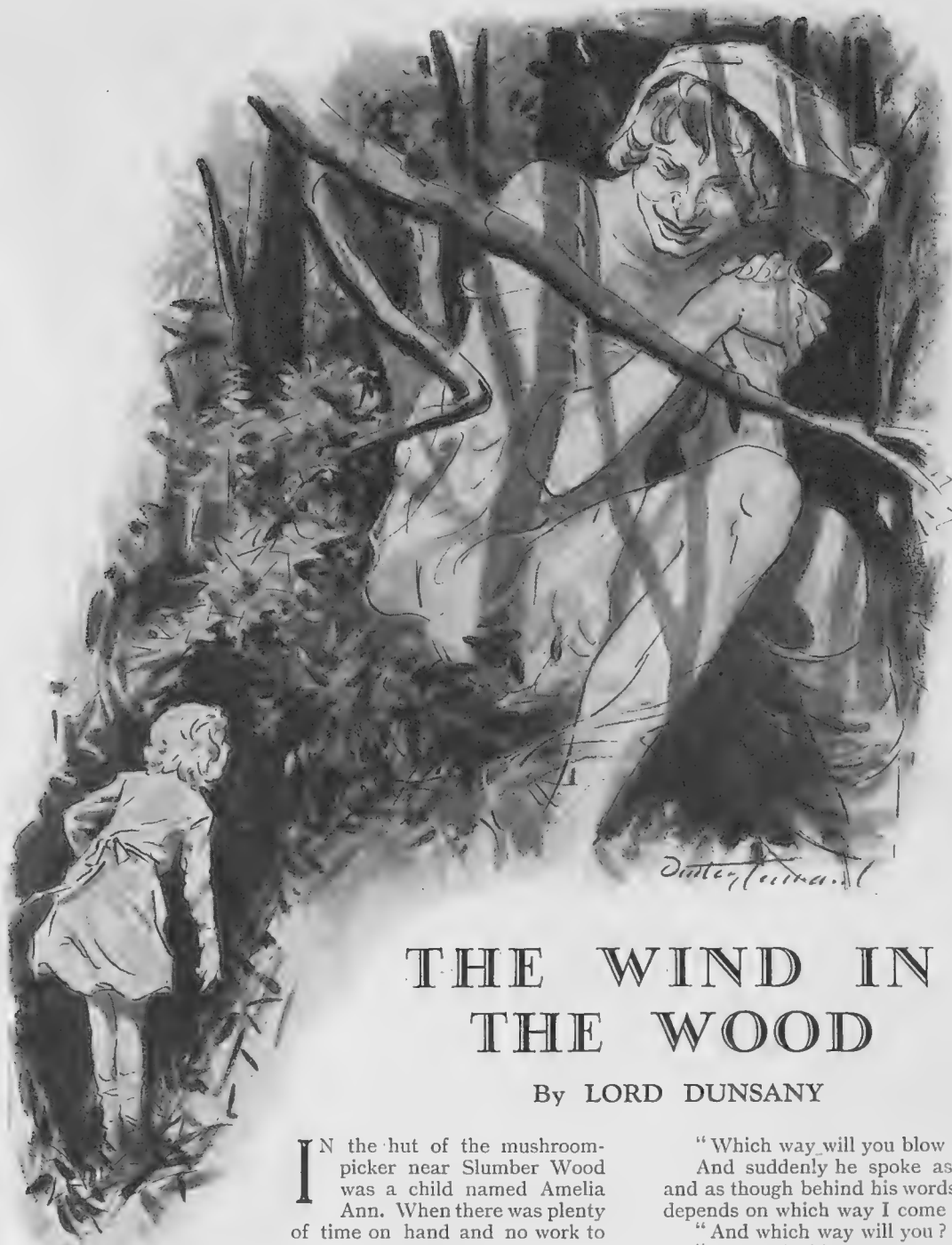


AT THE WEEDON SPORTS: LADY CROMWELL, MRS. H. A. JAFFRAY, CAPTAIN H. A. JAFFRAY, AND LORD CROMWELL



IN BELFAST: MRS. RUTH CAPSEY AND MR. J. G. CUNNINGHAM

The Hollywood group was taken when Lady Louis Mountbatten paid a visit to the Paramount Studios, where Mr. Clive Brook, Miss Fay Wray, and Mr. Buddy Rogers were busy completing a big picture called "The Lawyer's Secret," which no doubt we shall see over here sooner or later. Lady Harrington pluckily carried on the Mastership of her husband's hounds after he was killed out hunting in 1929. Her son, the present Earl, is "Bill" to his intimates. Captain and Mrs. Jaffray and Lord and Lady Cromwell were at the Weedon Equitation School Sports. Captain Jaffray, who is Joint Master of the Brocklesby, was formerly an instructor at Weedon, and, like some other M.F.H.'s, is an 11th Hussar. Miss Ruth Capsey, the daughter of the Vicar of Glencraig, Co. Down, and Mr. Cunningham, who is a son of the Right Hon. Samuel Cunningham, D.L., of Belfast, were competing in the V.C. Race at a gymkhana in aid of the Children's Hospital at Richmond Lodge, Belfast



"She came on a dim blue figure, 50 ft. high"

THE WIND IN THE WOOD

By LORD DUNSANY

IN the hut of the mushroom-picker near Slumber Wood was a child named Amelia Ann. When there was plenty of time on hand and no work to be done she used to be called Amelia, but in times of hurry she was called Ann. And one day her parents went out to gather mushrooms, leaving her alone in the hut, and warning her before they went to keep a sharp look out for wolves and not to stray far from the door. There had been no wolves near their hut for a hundred years, but they had learned about the wood and the world from their grandfathers, and noticed that they had known more about both than the folks of the present day knew, and these grandfathers had always warned them against wolves, so they taught their child accordingly. And as soon as they had gone Amelia, who knew that there were no wolves, went away by herself to the wood. Hunger drove her parents afeld, and curiosity drove Amelia, and so they hastily went their separate ways. When Amelia came to the very deep of the wood she had scarce gone far through the dark of it when she came on a dim blue figure, 50 ft. high, sitting up hunched on the moss and not so opaque as to hide the trunks of the trees.

"Who are you?" said Amelia, though she knew it at once for the wind.

And the wind without any concealment told her gladly who he was, with a loud shrill voice that sounded amused and excited.

"What are you going to do?" said Amelia.

And at that the wind seemed torn and wracked by dilemma. To begin with, he was bubbling over to tell her, but then what he had to tell was so huge and delightful a secret that it seemed a pity to spoil it by sharing it with a soul, and then again he wanted to tell it because it seemed so splendid, and then again he didn't. But in the end he had to tell it to someone. So he looked round left and right to see that no one was listening, and to show what a great secret it was; then he leaned forward and rubbed his hands and said, "I am going to blow."

"How jolly," said Amelia.

"To blow!" said the wind.

"I thought you would," said Amelia. Not a grass-blade stirred, not a leaf swayed on its stem in the deep dead hush of the wood.

"How did you know?" said the wind.

"By the look of the sky," she answered.

The wind gave a sudden surprised look up at the sky, disappointed that there should be anywhere any hint of his secret. Sure enough there were little clouds wearing a wild look, but the wind turned contemptuously away from them.

"Yes, I am going to blow," he said.

"What are you going to blow?"

"Leaves," said the wind.

"And ships?" asked Amelia.

With a hand the colour of a wintry sky he rubbed the mighty shadows about his chin. He did not like the question. With the cunning of sails he had found himself put to uses.

"No. Leaves," he said.

"Which way will you blow them?" she asked.

And suddenly he spoke as though he were wiser than she and as though behind his words was the wisdom of ages. "That depends on which way I come out of the wood," he said.

"And which way will you?" she asked.

"Ah," he said.

"That way?" asked Amelia, pointing to the wind's right.

"If I go that way," he said, "I shall be a north wind."

"Or that way?" she asked, pointing behind her.

"If I go that way," he said, "I shall be a west wind."

"Be a west wind," she said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because a west wind is funny," she said. "The north wind is angry, and nobody likes an east wind. Be a west wind."

"Perhaps," he said.

"Or a south."

"We shall see," he said.

"Will you blow them hard?" asked Amelia.

"Whew!" he said.

"How hard will you blow them?" she asked him.

"I'll dance them round and round for a bit," he said.

"Then, when I leave the wood, I'll make them run."

"And what else will you blow?" she asked.

"Ha," he said. And the whole wood rang with his glee.

"Twigs?" asked Amelia.

"Whole trees," answered the wind. "But that's not all." And all the wood was aware that he had a secret.

"You'll blow the wild geese south," she guessed.

"Better than that," said he.

"You'll blow icebergs out to sea."

"Ha, ha," he said. "Better than that."

(Continued on p. xxviii)



"My Good-Night Beverage"

Delicious

OVALTINE

Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SENIORS' MATCHES

R. S. Crisp

OXFORD—The names, left to right, are: Back row—M. Spurway, C. D. A. Pullan, R. Felton, D. C. D. Rank, J. S. Williams, J. E. Nicholls, A. E. C. Smith; middle row—P. C. Oldfield, D. A. Hodgkinson, W. A. Sime, W. G. Kalaugher, D. Oswald, T. J. Dashwood, N. M. McCaskie, J. H. Rogers; front row—Lord Dalmeny, R. H. J. Brooke, W. O. B. Lindsay, D. Russell (captain), P. G. Van der Byl (captain), R. S. G. Scott, J. H. Nevinson, and J. L. T. Guise

CAMBRIDGE—The names, left to right, are: S. M. Ekin, D. A. M. Rome, T. P. Lawrence, G. Crwys-Williams, K. L. Miller, D. R. Wilcox, T. H. Rowney, J. C. Christopherson, E. R. Sheepshanks; middle row—R. H. Buckston, H. E. de Chassiron, D. M. Parry, J. W. Hunt, A. G. Howland-Jackson, W. H. Webster, H. L. Carr, H. H. Dales; front row—A. E. G. Baring, J. G. Askew, J. C. A. Adams (captain), A. G. Hazelrigg (Varsity hon. sec.), G. D. Kemp-Welch (Varsity captain), R. H. Palmer (captain), M. J. H. Morton, and R. W. Smeddle

In the Cambridge match at Fenner's, G. C. A. Adams' side had the best of the deal, and declared at 183 for their first innings, R. H. Palmer's side scoring 95 and in the follow-on 171. The Oxford match was stopped by rain on the last day, with D. Russell's side 263 and 135 for four against P. G. Van der Byl's side—217 and 93 for three

Exceptional Design.

ONE might very well be tempted to think that in the long ladder of motor-car production there was no rung that was not occupied by some specific model, and that upon most of them a considerable number of competitors were endeavouring to maintain a perch. Evidently, however, there are still gaps to be filled. The Hillman Wizard was a case in point, for until its introduction nothing of quite the same sort had been made in this country. Another striking example is the new 6-cylinder 4-litre Bentley, which will make its official début in Cork Street on Thursday; for this, too, is of an unprecedented and unique character. Something quite different from all the other Bentleys, except the 8-litre, and, so far as I can see, from all other makes and types into the bargain. Such being the state of affairs it is really rather hard to give briefly a correct description of this remarkable car so that its qualities may be properly comprehended. First of all, then, it is unadulterated Bentley in performance and road manners generally. And that says a good deal. But I do not think it says quite enough, for surely there is something very much out of the ordinary about an engine of this modest capacity which, without perceptible effort, will very quickly get into the "eighties." There is no symptom of strenuousness about this neat power plant; indeed you would never suspect that it boasted an unequalled racing ancestry were it not for the evidence of the speedometer. That is where real brilliance of design is shown—to get rid of all noise and roughness and still leave the performance unimpaired. One of the most interesting features of the engine is that in this, for the first time, Bentleys have departed from their usual system of multiple overhead valves and now use a side inlet, an overhead exhaust (with a very special form of combustion chamber), and a single plug. I happen to know that for years now they have been full-scale experimenting on valve gears, and this for the cylinder size in question, has proved to be the best. For the larger unit the overhead scheme, with the patent method of drive, still shows its superiority. As for the rest of the chassis, this closely follows the lines of the 8-litre, boasting a double-dropped frame so strong that it can fairly be described as the joy of any honest coachbuilder; a silent gear-box; a hypoid bevel final drive; an amazingly effective suspension system: one point lubrication to all chassis parts;

automatic radiator shutters; servo brakes; and all the other refinements which one would expect to find in a design of outstanding *marque*. Be it noted that this 6-cylinder 4-litre is not by any means a small car. It is big enough, and lusty enough, to take all kinds of bodywork, and it is very definitely of noble and impressive aspect. All those concerned in this vehicle have every right to congratulate themselves upon a fine achievement, which is all the more conspicuous because in so many of its qualities the 4-litre is a complete break away. Yet, I repeat, it is every inch a full-blooded thoroughbred Bentley, calculated to shed more lustre on an already great name.

Cars and Gowns.

ONE day last week I attended—in company with a great many others—a novel and intriguing function, which seems to suggest that all the ways and means of making the car-business highly attractive have not yet been exploited. No one could say that the opportunity of examining lordly 16-cylinder Cadillacs and La Salles is tantamount to having a powder administered, but even were it so, there was no lack of jam on this occasion. A mannequin parade, of the poshest, had been arranged by Idare, Ltd. It was quite a revelation to me, I can assure you—I must go to more of these highly-educative demonstrations. Moreover, the names of the gowns had mostly been chosen very wittily; some even indicated a paranomasia on the name of the dress designers. Then an excellent band played softish music during the proceedings; and the show was brought to an end by the opening of a well-equipped cocktail bar. I confess that what with one thing and another Mrs. P. V. and I found Lendrum and Hartman's, Albemarle Street, show-rooms exceedingly magnetic. And it was rather attractive to consider possibilities in other combinations of enterprise. Who is entitled to feel surprised if some day the X.Y.Z. Co. in bringing forward their new model elect to say it with a whole flower-show on a super-Chelsea scale, whilst the C.B.A. concern, having developed a very sporting machine produce it to our notice accompanied by a spot of dog-racing thrown in. But please don't think I am trying to raise a laugh about the idea. In these hard days anything is good that makes for business, and we all ought to keep a special stock of admiration on hand for those who hit on novel notions.

(Continued on p. xvi)



"THE TOUT"

Otherwise that famous artist, Mr. P. R. G. Buchanan, whose clever work is so well known in "The Tatler" and elsewhere, and who has the photographic eye. "The Tout" is holding an exhibition of his pictures on May 11 at the Walker Galleries, New Bond Street

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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MADE IN ENGLAND ON THE GREAT WEST ROAD NEAR LONDON

WHEN more than half-a-dozen county championships are decided in one week, how is a poor journalist to deal adequately with them? She racks her brain for some general remark applicable to all, such as "the triumph of youth," the "impregnability of age," but they only cover portions of the week. Then she tries whether there is a line that everybody was too frightened of not qualifying to do good scores. That is a little more fruitful, for there were only three gross returns in the seventies amongst all the counties, Miss Gourlay's 72 and Miss Livingstone's 79 for Surrey at Camberley Heath, and Mrs. Peppercorn's 79 for Warwickshire at Olton. But once you get talking about Miss Gourlay's 72, you are tempted to wander off into panegyrics and even to explain why it was not a 70, and if once you are led away into that, how can you say that everybody was frightened? Miss Gourlay says she was very frightened, but her



At Ormskirk: Miss Beryl Brown (right) being congratulated by the runner-up, Miss K. Ollier, after winning the Lancashire Championship for the sixth time. The match ended on the 13th green



The Tiger of Camberley Heath: Miss Molly Gourlay, Champion of Surrey for the fourth time. She beat Mrs. R. O. Porter 6 and 5 in the final

But with some firmness I tore myself away from my own county to visit Sussex and Hampshire, Sussex qualifying at Worthing. Scores were not good, though the course was in fine condition. Mrs. Rowand-Harker, who is not yet qualified to play for Sussex and so could not play in the championship itself, headed the list with 87, Miss Carrick—perhaps the most promising player in Sussex—and Miss Horrell were 88, and Mrs. de Winton, who was eventually to win the championship, 89, and Mrs. Cook 89.

On the next day to Hayling Island, which has been remodelled so that the course shall not only be delightful but a fierce test as well. No looking out to sea now; however exciting

golf certainly did not show it, and having qualified first she went on, in right and proper fashion to win the championship, her runner-up—also right and proper—being Mrs. R. O. Porter. With the girl champion, Miss Pauline Doran, who is still only fifteen years old as one semi-finalist, and Mrs. Hicks in the nature of a surprise for the other, there was plenty of interest at Camberley.

enough going that to please the most exacting. In one semi-final Miss Rabbidge beat Mrs. Guedalla 2 and 1, in the other Miss Marjorie White beat Mrs. Walter Payne by the same margin, and then Miss Rabbidge beat Miss White 4 and 3.

After all these the Ladies v. Men match at Stoke Poges. The ladies must, as usual, be thankful for small mercies—in this case a halved match. The men looked on their own chances as hopeless, as they were giving a half in both foursomes and singles, and at lunch time the ladies had certainly four foursomes to their credit against the men's two. But there was a swing round after lunch: the men winning seven out of the twelve singles, and so the day ended square, just as it did in 1927. Special praise must be given to Miss Fishwick and Miss Morgan for their

the latest White Star, or seaplane carrier, or mere common or garden cruisers may be, your attention is fully occupied trying to keep on the course. That was what the holder, Miss Uthoff, failed to do when it came to the semi-final, and so she was beaten 6 and 5 by Mrs. Clark, who then won the championship with Miss G. Paine as runner-up. Hampshire have no qualifying, but Miss Paine had won the scratch prize at the preliminary score competition with 83, so that the week was a thorough success for her.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Peppercorn was winning the Warwickshire Championship, Miss Beryl Brown the Lancashire at Ormskirk, where she was in such invincible form that the four rounds of the championship only caused her to play fifty holes—not counting, of course, the thirty-six qualifying holes. Over those she led the field with Miss Jessie Firth second. Miss Horsfield, having qualified first for Herts over Moor Park, went on to win that championship at West Herts, whilst Mrs. Alec Gold and Miss Murdoch have been left to fight out the final of the Bucks.

Middlesex, at Ashford Manor, saw the younger school in great form. Miss Rabbidge came through very deservedly, and her tightest match was against Miss Betty Roberts-Harris, who has yet another year's play in the Girls' Championship. Miss Harris was out in 1 under par, Miss Rabbidge was in in 1 under par—good



Miss Pauline Doran, the fifteen-year-old girl champion reached the semi-final round of the Surrey Championship at Camberley Heath. Miss Gourlay was her undoing

(Continued on p. xxviii)

Unchanged in
a changing
world



DEWAR'S
'White Label' Whisky!



There are discreet touches of plaid on this white Celes blouse. The short sleeves are turned back with gauntlets; there is a narrow belt and large buttons. It washes and wears extremely well.

The Highway of Fashion

By
M. E. BROOKE



The black and red embroidery introduces a novel note in the Celes blouse on the left; it fits perfectly over the hips. The model above is enriched with pin tucks, the revers held in position with buttons

Fashions on Canvas

FASHION in the past has not been nearly asking to women in general as at this date in the calendar. The portraits in the Academy show that the artists and the sitters have combined in choosing dresses and accessories that will express the individuality of the wearer; as a consequence it is a foregone conclusion that visitors to the Exhibition will be able to glean many valuable dress hints. It will be interesting to notice whether any particular vogue will be created whose fount of inspiration may be traced to one or, it may be, two particular pictures.

Soft Tulle Draperies.

The Duchess of York, whose portrait has been painted by James Quinn, wears an almost salmon-pink satin dress with miniature bows on the shoulders and a soft drapery of tulle; she carries a small black fan. Miss Barbara Gibson's portrait, by W.G. de Glehn, is of interest inasmuch as her pink satin dress is drawn away from the front; a bustle is anticipated, but it does not materialize as a cloud of tulle is introduced. In another picture a pink tulle choker is finished with a butterfly bow of tulle. A question that is sure to be asked is, will tulle return to favour?

A Perfectly-cut Habit.

Alfred J. Munnings has painted Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, in an admirably-cut riding habit, her stock being perfectly tied. David P. Ramsay has caught Princess Elizabeth in a happy mood;



It is Japshan that has been used for the tennis frock on the left, and the same fabric makes the one on the right with its becoming coat with stitched hems

she is evidently delighted with her jodhpurs and daffodil-yellow sweater. Leonard F. Fuller is responsible for Diana Fishwick's portrait; she wears a blue cardigan and béret, a blue-and-white muffler which does not encircle the column of the throat, but is arranged to suggest a waistcoat; her gloves are of chamois leather, and she carries a golf club. Philip Connard's picture of Mr. Arthur Chamberlain's Family repays a careful study; the women are wearing tea frocks and the men riding kit. Surely the comment from a fashion point of view is, why not pyjamas? They would be more in accord with the trend of modern thought.

Chinese Coats and Shawls.

Apparently every version of the Chinese shawl and coat is represented in the Academy. A study in graceful draperies is a red shawl embroidered in Oriental shades in "The Portrait of a Lady," by the late George W. Lambert; the centre is arranged round the figure to form a cuirass, the ends being carried over the shoulders, when they form a cape. Isabel M. Ragg has shown that a gun-metal coat is quite charming in conjunction with a pale pink dress; in front the coat is endowed with an upward movement which is becoming to the figure; in the hand is a pink carnation. Two figures dressed in grey are present in L. V. Campbell Taylor's contribution; the hair of both is parted in the centre and is perfectly straight, and there is the

(Continued on p. iv)



Beauty's inheritance

"4711" Vanishing Cream

A perfect beauty cream; the ideal base for "4711" Powder. In pots at 2/-, or tubes 1/- (Sample tube 6d.)

"4711" Eau de Cologne Face Powder

In twelve shades exactly graded for every complexion. Price per box 1/-.

"4711" Eau de Cologne Bath Salts

A stimulating and refreshing fragrance. In bottles at 1/6 and 2/6. Extra large size with gilt metal cap price 3/9.

"4711" Eau de Cologne

In various sizes from the small watch shape for the handbag, at 2/6, to the large wicker bottle at 56/-. Plain or sprinkler top.

The bracing freshness of exquisite "4711"—this genuine Eau de Cologne—is as a breath of pure air in a heavy atmosphere. Its delicate aroma, cool and sweet as morning dew, drives away depression, and creates a glorious feeling of well-being. Let the restorative qualities of this soothing fragrance become the basis of your toilet, and "4711" Eau de Cologne glorify your morning bath. Freshen the hands and face throughout the day with a few drops of "4711" in the wash basin, and as a further safeguard to your skin use "4711" Eau de Cologne Cream Soap, Face Powder, Bath Salts, etc., all perfumed with genuine "4711." The same distinctive Blue and Gold Label encompasses all these and a fascinating range of "4711" Toiletries in other fragrant odours.



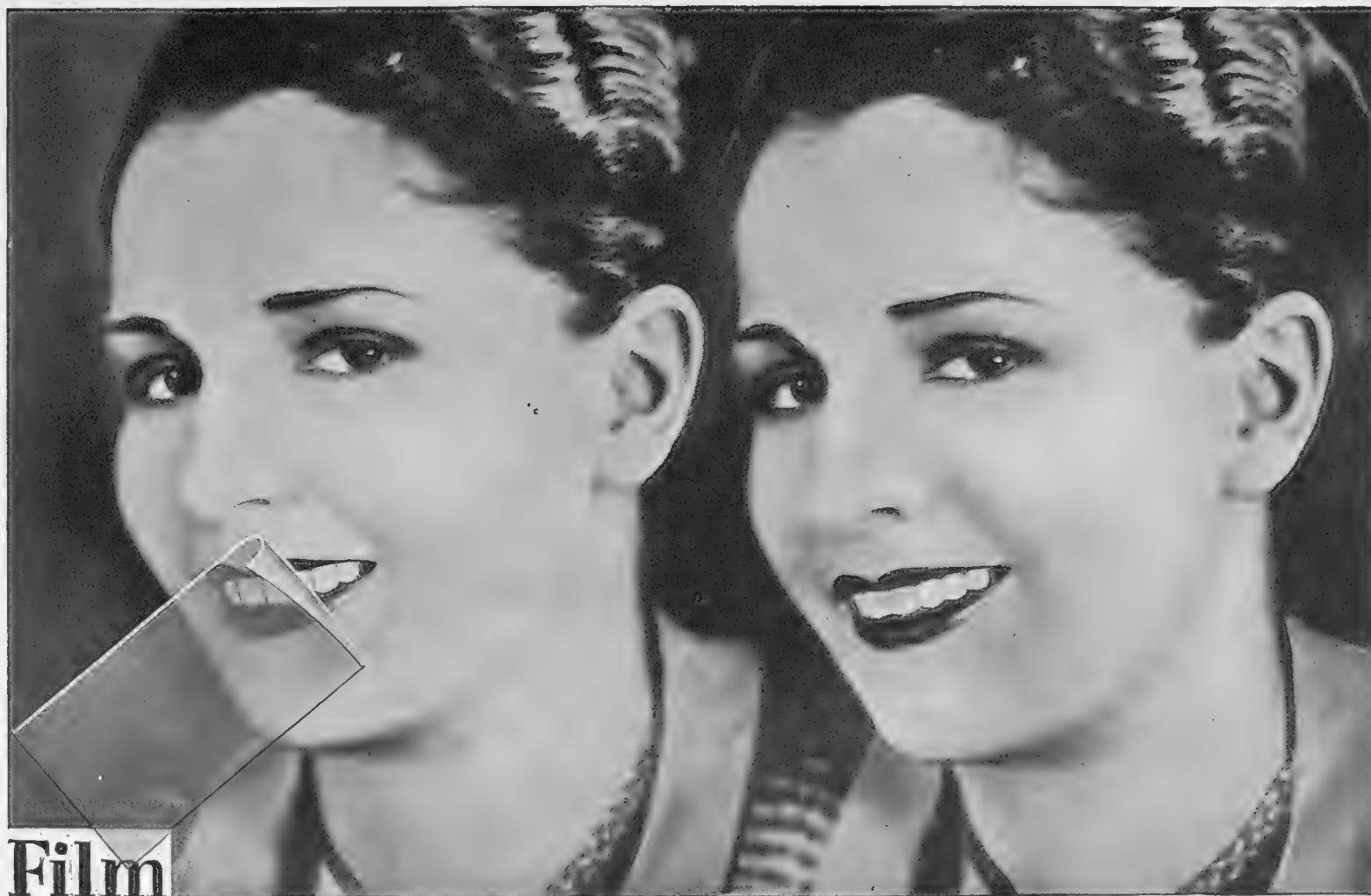
Genuine
Eau de
Cologne
Blue & Gold Label

SUN SUITS

No one can cavil at the statement that Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, thoroughly understand the art of creating sun, garden, and beach suits, and the prices that prevail are ever warmly applauded by the intelligent. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there are suits of printed Japanese floral crêpe for five shillings; they consist of trousers, jumper, coatee, and a pochette for carrying the garments. They are gilt-edge investments

Illustrated on the left of this page is a "Jack Tar" model; it is a study in scarlet and white, and with cap complete it is £1. It is available in a variety of other colour schemes

The model on the extreme right is carried out in flowered linen outlined with plain. It is £1; the hat is not included. A feature is here made of these shady straw hats in colours to match the sun suits. Printed cretonne makes the shorts and coat of the model in the centre, the jumper being plain, and of the same one may become the possessor for the decidedly pleasant price of 2 guineas



Film

Glorious white teeth

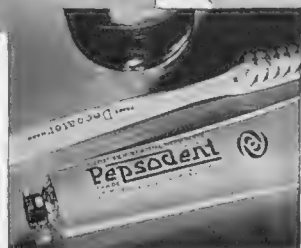
are teeth freed of dingy Film

Do these three things
to have strong,
healthy teeth



1 Include these in your daily diet: eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables; $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon with orange juice; milk.

2 Use Pepsodent twice a day.



3 See your dentist at least twice a year.

THE public at large is learning much about the care of teeth. Diet, it knows, plays an important part in developing resistance to decay and other troubles.

Frequent visits to the dentist have become a widely practised safety measure.

And, in the care of teeth at home, people by thousands are discovering a new method.

On your teeth there is a stubborn film. That film absorbs stains from food and smoking—teeth become unsightly.

Film harbours the germs that may cause decay and other troubles. To protect teeth and

keep them lovely, film must be removed each day.

To do that effectively Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life. Get a tube today.

Sold in two sizes — 1/3 and 2/-
The latter size double quantity

FREE
10-DAY
TUBE

The Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 125)
8, India Street, London, E.C.3
Send me free 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Name _____

Address _____

Only one tube to a family.

2724
Pepsodent MARK
TRADE

TATLER, 13/5/31

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

time-honoured bun at the nape of the neck. The difference between the two figures is that the woman on the left is wearing an orange Chinese coat and the other has apparently disdained such an accessory, and as a consequence she creates a drab atmosphere while the other seems to be endowed with vitality.

* * *

Modish—Nevertheless Old World.

Many women will pause before Simon Elwes' portrait of the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, and wish that their figures would allow them to wear such a striking ensemble. The crimson velvet skirt is quite plain; the coat which defines the figure has a decided flair and is outlined with sable to match the muff, while the hat is slightly raised in front with a twist of angel skin ribbon, the hair being revealed. Decorative and ever so attractive is the white coat worn by Miss Betty Galbally when she was painted by W. C. Penn. It is double-breasted, the revers are of black satin and the sleeves are of chiffon until the elbows are passed, and subsequently of rucked black satin until the wrists are reached; the hat being a cross between a cavalier and a marquise. The portrait of the Hon. Jean Hore Ruthven by Cadogan Cowper is sure to be much discussed as she wears a simple black chiffon dress; her only ornaments are a clip-on diamond brooch and half-a-dozen or even more ruby and diamond bracelets; the well-nigh ubiquitous necklace and earrings are absent.

* * *

Suggestions for the Bridesmaids.

Brides will find many valuable ideas for their bridesmaids' frocks in the pictures at the Academy. There is Philippe Ledroux's "La Crinoline." The yellow frock is of the picture genre, the skirt is tiered and the corsage pointed; lightly resting on the shoulders is the new kerchief scarf; naturally the colour scheme could be varied. In "Chintz and China Blue" there is a white muslin picture frock, the boat-shaped neck-line is cut very low and is finished with frills; the scheme being completed with a necklace of blue beads. Small bridesmaids would look too fascinating for words in the dresses worn by Angela and Pauline Milburn in the picture by Cuthbert Orde. They are of white book muslin, the high-waisted effect being emphasized with a blue sash, their short puff sleeves increasing the demure atmosphere.

* * *

A Novel Triple Alliance.

At the Concours d'Élégance at the Cadillac showrooms, 26, Albemarle Street, there was a unique display of Cadillac cars, Idare frocks and their accessories, and beautiful jewellery which had come from the salons of Garrard, the Crown jewellers. Mrs. McCorquodale, who performed the opening ceremony on the first day, declared that there were two things to be remembered: that Cadillac cars must never be allowed to feel ashamed of the dresses worn by the occupants, nor must the dresses be of the car, and she

might have added that beautiful jewels reigned supreme. Many of these veritable triumphs of the jeweller's art had been created to harmonize with the colour schemes of the frocks as well as their characters. It is to be regretted that it is impossible to do justice to the fire and glory of the diamonds or the wondrous colours of the other precious stones.

* * *

Over a Hundred.

Everyone regretted that they had not been bidden to the christening of the Idare creations, as there were over a hundred of them; the names chosen were particularly amusing—Central Change, Dancing Moon Dream, Stand Up and Sing, Magneto Maggie, Just for Fun. There is something decidedly pleasant when buying a coat or dress to realize that when its life is ended the material may be returned to the manufacturer, and he will allow £1 a yard for it. This will be the experience of all who give unto themselves a silver cloth coat known by the name of Safety First; it resists the dust, and as it is quite light is an ideal shield for an evening dress. There was a lovely evening dress made of the same fabric. Another feature of the show was a bridal pageant.

* * *

Frocks for Fashionable Functions.

The London Season is with us, and fashions for the important social functions must receive prompt attention. Intelligent women will at the very earliest opportunity visit the ready-to-wear department of the House of Jay, Regent Street, W. They are responsible for the ensemble portrayed on this page. The sleeveless frock is expressed in pastel-tinted blue lace and georgette, and the same materials are present in the coat with its becoming sleeves; one may own it for 15½ guineas. It is likewise available in a lovely shade of beige. There are other ensembles in rose beige silk lace for 12½ guineas; naturally they are not so decorative. Furthermore, for chilly days there are ensembles composed of a coat made of a new French wool fabric of honeycomb weave; it is lined with printed crêpe de chine. It is the latter fabric which makes the frock, the cost of the same is 15½ guineas; it will remain undated indefinitely. A visit must certainly be paid to the bag department as there are crêpe de chine scarves for a guinea and others of horsehair lace mounted on satin.



Model, Jay

Picture by Blake

AN ASCOT ENSEMBLE

Which may be seen in the Ready-to-Wear Department of the House of Jay, Regent Street, W.

AN HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE ON THE FIRST OF MAY



It was then only that we were able to secure for those who had not yet visited The Dorchester, a few photographic impressions of the interior of London's most beautiful and most fashionable hotel. One hour later and the glimmering rays of the morning sun picked out the Flagstaff—the hotel came to life . . . Parties were off riding in the Row, new visitors arrived.



Luncheon, Tea, an incomparable Dinner, with fine wine and entertainment, were new social experiences which hundreds enjoyed. And so, every day since The Dorchester opened there have been these unmistakable signs that it has gained acceptance of its claim—to surpass in service and construction any hotel in any part of the world. The full richness of living is exemplified everywhere in The Dorchester.

The Dorchester Hotel

Park Lane, London, W. Mayfair 8888. Telegrams: "Dorchotel" Audley, London

THE LONDON CATTLE ASSOCIATION DINNER

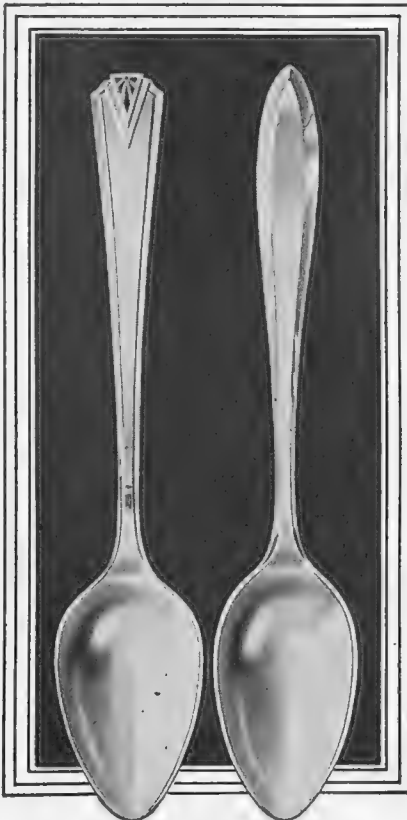


SOME WHO WERE PRESENT

A group of portraits at the dinner at the Savoy the other night, when Mr. Lionel Lillico was in the chair, and amongst the other distinguished people present listened to a very able address by the Right Hon. Neville Chamberlain. The toast of "The Visitors" was proposed by Mr. John Pearson, President of the National Seed-crushers' Association, and responded to by Mr. P. J. Hannon, M.P., President of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, and Mr. E. W. K. Slade, President of the National Farmers' Union, and Sir Charles Thomas of the Ministry of Agriculture

COMMUNITY PLATE

LEADERSHIP IN DESIGN



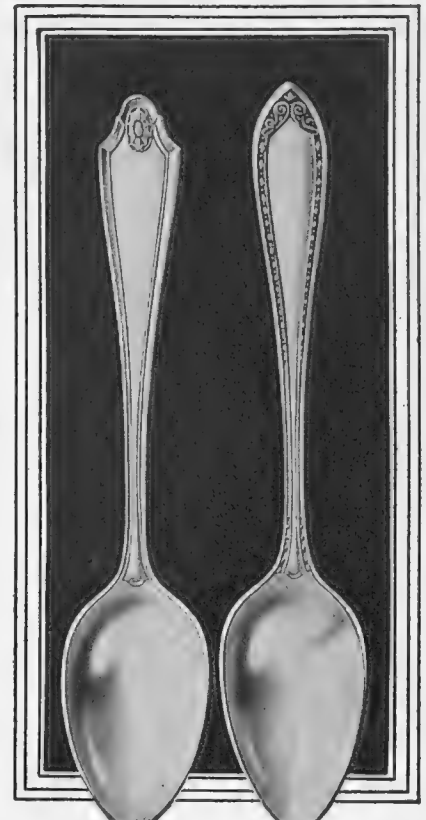
DEAUVILLE PATRICIAN



Imagine your own table set with this correct and charming Silverware, in a modern or period design. There is a complete canteen with service for six people at 8 guineas and a gift set for as little as 3/6. Each piece is guaranteed for 50 years. At leading silversmiths.



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"HINTS FOR THE MODERN HOSTESS"
BRITISH ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.
WALKLEY LANE, SHEFFIELD



HEPPLEWHITE SHERATON

R de LAVERERIE



Says CÆSAR ☆
these Kayser Pure Silk
Stockings look just like the
bloom on a peach!

Says BRUTUS ☆
oh boy! She is and they are!

KAYSER

Clinging with tailored grace
from knee to instep—won-
derfully economical because

they are made of PURE flawless silk—in all the smartest,
subtlest shades—Kayser stockings. Prices are from 5/11.

★ Trade Mark applied for ★ Made in U.S.A. ★ Wholesale Distributor: C. J. DAVIS, 3 Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1

FASHION'S PETS ★ KAYSER STOCKINGS

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 310

Babington, Lieut.-General Sir John Keir, Lieut.-General A. Wardrop, Major-General H. B. Jeffreys, Major-General John Vaughan, Major-General Sir Reginald Barnes, Major-General T. T. Pitman, Major-General Sir Percival Hambro, Major-General Sir Alfred Edwards, Brig.-General J. G. Rotton, Brig.-General E. A. Wiggin, Brig.-General Sir Loftus Bates, Brig.-General W. Nevile Campbell, Colonel Lord Kensington, Lieut.-Colonel H. E. Medlicott, Sir John Hewett, Mr. M. M. Crawford, Mr. Claude Ismay, Captain J. S. Scott-Cockburn, M.C., 4th Hussars, Captain H. Nugent Head, M.C., 4th Hussars, Captain J. M. Blakiston-Houston, 11th Hussars, and the writer of these notes.

It is hoped that all that are left of the 1929 committee will be ready to serve again. The one member who cannot serve again, the dear old "Mahout," we shall miss badly, for he was someone whom to know was to love. "Wardrop Sahib," who since the first dinner has been deservedly promoted and is now Q.M.G. in India, let us hope will be able to squeeze a bit of leave and come home for this 1932 function, for no dinner connected with pig-sticking would be complete without him, and those who were there in 1929 will cherish memories of the excellent speech which he made. The main object of that first dinner was to reunite old friends who might not have met for years, and to recall "the yarns Jack Hall invented and the songs Jem Roper sang," and perhaps that object was achieved.

In this pig-sticking connection I have to welcome the 1931 issue of "The Hog-hunters' Annual," that excellent publication

started by Captain Scott-Cockburn and Captain "Bunny" Head, 4th Hussars, who are still its capable editors. It is better turned out than it was in its original number, and is printed and published by the "Times of India" in Bombay. Everyone who gets it, which they can from Messrs. Partridge and Cooper, the well-known stationers in Fleet Street, I believe, will get the right atmosphere of things when they find that the coloured frontispiece is "Wardrop Sahib," a most excellent sketch by my friend "Snaffles," who seems to draw better and better every day. There is also a short biography of someone a lot of us miss, Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Faunthorpe. There is a full record of the Kadir of 1930, won by Captain Mc. A. Richards, R.A., and won again this year by the same officer. In addition to all the good stuff, yarns, records, and so forth about pig-sticking, there is much more about other things as well, and it is all well-written by people who know their subjects. This is naturally more than half the battle. So frequently we find people writing about things of which they can know nothing—the fox-hunt, love, and so forth. I like Mr. C. E. Wild's little narrative "Of Elephants," and agree with all of it. He makes a good remark when he says, "If the camel is the ship of the desert, the elephant is the motor-car of the jungle." Some people have found it difficult to make pals of elephants, but personally I have ever had a regard for them, and seen the humour of them. I am also devoted to mules, and take my hat off to them for their fine courage. It is a pity that the full list of past winners of the Kadir is not included. This should be a standing feature, because however much anyone thinks he can trust his memory, he cannot, and therefore, I think, we want the record of this really great show published year in year out.



AT THE BURTON HUNT CHASES: SIR JULIEN CAHN, M.F.H., AND MRS. LAMBERT

Sir Julien Cahn has been Master of the Burton since 1926, and has also been very prominent in cricket. He took a team to Jamaica in 1929 and to the Argentine in 1930. Mrs. Lambert is holding the two cups won by her son's (Sir Hugh Cholmeley's) horse, Mushi. The late Sir Montague Cholmeley was killed in action in the War, and in 1921 Lady Cholmeley married Brigadier-General Walter Lambert, D.S.O.

POPE & BRADLEY

LOWER PRICES

THE principals of the firm of Pope and Bradley have never sought to attract clients by the obvious lure of cheapness. Their primary object has always been to build the best clothes in London, and to sell them at prices which yield a reasonable commercial profit.

OUR extensive international trade enables us to buy on more advantageous terms than smaller businesses; therefore, among the few West End firms that use only the finest of everything, we are actually the lowest in price. The best materials, the most brilliant cutters, the most expert hand-sewing craftsmen—are of necessity expensive, but they are ultimately economical. Hand-sewing, for example, though over twice as expensive as machine labour, is essential to style;

and that style is retained for years after a machine-made garment has lost whatever shape it may originally have possessed.

THE present fixed rates for "log" hand labour are to-day higher than ever before in the history of the tailoring trade, and Pope and Bradley are staunch advocates for the highest possible wages for expert craftsmen. The price of raw materials has, however, recently fallen. The ratio of this fall in raw materials to the decrease in the price of the manufactured cloth is by no means the same; a twenty per cent. fall in raw wool is reflected, after passing through the various costly and highly technical stages of combing, spinning, dyeing and weaving, by an eight per cent. drop in the finished cloth.

IT is only by this drop in raw materials that we are enabled to decrease our prices by one guinea on each suit. Our clients will readily appreciate that with our standard of material and workmanship we cannot produce a suit at a lower minimum than ten guineas; suits made from our own exclusive materials—specially manufactured to our own designs and confined to us alone—are now eleven guineas instead of twelve; while dinner suits are from fifteen and dress suits from sixteen guineas.

14 OLD BOND STREET, W
and
11 & 13 Southampton Row, W.C.;
also at
1 & 3 St Ann's Square, MANCHESTER.

A Little Plain Speaking

to the Man whose speedometer registers 10,000 miles... (or thereabouts)



SOME time this year you will have to buy new tyres.

If you were going to buy a car, you'd know that one make will do 50, and another 60, and another 75 m.p.h., but few motorists have an accurate knowledge as to the mileage capacities of the various makes of tyres.

As tyre makers ourselves, we have to have that knowledge. We have to test the various makes against our own, to know where we stand with our competitors.

And for that reason our tests have to be scrupulously fair. (Throwing dust in your own eyes is not good in business.)

Here are some sidelights that will interest you.

In a test of various makes of standard type tyres the maximum mileage difference proved to be 5,328.

Our Standard All-Weather Tread Tyre was easily first in this test, but its mileage record was beaten subsequently when the higher-priced de luxe type tyres were tested.

In the test of de luxe tyres our "Heavy Duty" Tyre was first, giving over one-third more mileage than the next best.

If you're a business man you will understand how Goodyear is able to attain and maintain this higher standard of quality. With their nine tyre factories—in England, Australia, Canada, U.S.A., and the Argentine—Goodyear makes more tyres than any other company. Millions more. They absorb annually one-sixth of the entire world's output of rubber—50 per cent. more than the next largest tyre manufacturer. With this colossal buying power and wealth of experience, they are able to put more quality into their tyres and yet not charge more for them.

So it will cost you nothing extra if you feel you'd like to try Goodyear Tyres for yourself. All we ask, when you do buy one, is that you make a note of the mileage figure on your speedometer at the time.

If more people did that, there'd be more Goodyear tyres bought than ever.



THE GOODYEAR TYRE & RUBBER CO. (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON

FACTORIES IN: ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA, CANADA, U.S.A. AND ARGENTINA

Beauty is Nature's Masterpiece

A Powerful Quick Asset.

NO woman can afford to ignore the fact that her physical attractiveness is her most powerful quick asset. It was fashion that first persuaded her to take thought for her complexion; then hygiene proclaimed in no uncertain terms that no woman could be beautiful unless she took the same care of her body as she did of her complexion. Blemishes and spots on the face are the "flags" that indicate that the internal organs do not function properly.

* * *

The Wisdom of Art.

One must come to the conclusion, however, that although beauty is Nature's masterpiece, it needs the wisdom of art to perfect it. Women of classic times made constant use of clever artifices. Harriet Hubbard Ayer has skilfully created preparations which in the first instance cleanse the skin—she has made a life-long study of the laws of hygiene—and then increase its loveliness. Those who use the same and follow the advice given in her interesting brochure, entitled "All For Beauty," will find that not only the present but maturity and old age will be robbed of their terrors. These preparations are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 130, Regent Street, who will gladly send the name and address of her nearest agent.



A woman's first duty towards her skin is to keep it absolutely clean, so that dirt, dust, and grime may not become embedded in the pores and prevent the normal supply of natural oil from lubricating the skin. Luxuria Cleansing Cream should be freely used in conjunction with its "skilful" colleagues, who all have their special work to do

Concerning Luxuria.

Every woman knows that the skin never fails to broadcast the fact when it is tired; it loses its elasticity, its resilience, and its supple freshness; the cause of this is the drying out of the natural oil. Luxuria is a perfect cream, which the skin always welcomes as it cleanses and feeds it. It should be used at least three times a day—in the morning, when dressing for dinner, and at night. It must be applied freely and subsequently all superfluous matter removed with a soft tissue. In the warm weather many women after being in the air in an open aeroplane or motoring in the country experience a tingling sensation on the surface of the nose, this can be conquered by saturating a piece of cotton wool in the special astringent lotion and passing it over the affected part. The face and neck may likewise be treated in the same way. The lotion should be patted in briskly with the finger cushions until it is dry. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that the skin must first of all be treated with Luxuria. Personally I regard Luxuria as a faithful friend that is ever revealing further good qualities.

* * *

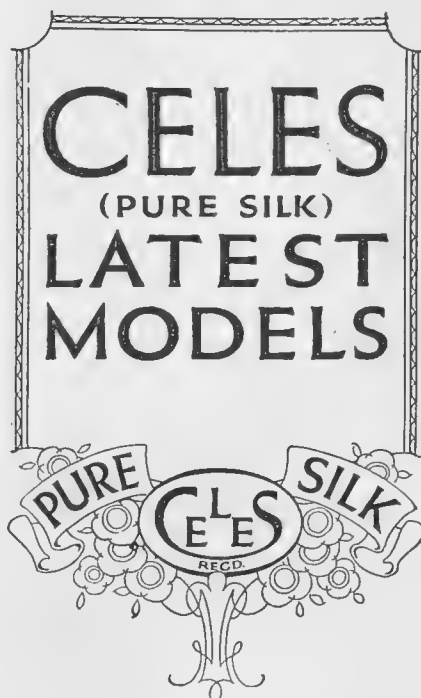
Beautifying Face Cream.

When Luxuria has performed its work and cleaned and fed the skin, the surface is ready to be made lovely. There is nothing that will do this work in a more satisfactory manner than the Harriet Hubbard Ayer's beautifying face cream. It improves the texture and banishes the dull faded look that is often the portion of normal skins, leaving it radiant, completely softened, and clear of the least blemish. It works quickly, too; the improvement is noticeable directly the cream has melted into the skin. It is ideal for repairing the ravages wrought by dust, wind, and sun.



Model 2903

Dress with shaped panels and frill, and Ivory vest. Made in Ivory and all plain shades, also in fine stripes.



Model 2924

Sleeveless Dress with Coatee in Ivory and plain colours, all shades; also in fine Stripings.

She remembered her first Morley Stockings



She was pretty sceptical about silk stockings usually. Sometimes they washed and wore beautifully; more often they didn't—you just had to take a chance. But not apparently with Morley's. They came up just as lovely *every* time. Could there *really* be all that difference between one make and the others? But it's not only the make that's different—it's the *making*. Only stockings that are *knitted* to fit—not merely shaped—will keep their trimness through wear and washing.



Only the most skilful handling, the most careful testing and re-testing of every thread will produce that pliant elasticity of texture, that smooth lustre of silk fresh spun from the cocoon. On Morley frames silk stockings are made as well as silk stockings *can* be made—constantly lovely in shade and finish, perfectly fitting always.

*Made in
Britain—
Worn by the
World.*

MORLEY

SILK STOCKINGS

Made by I. & R. Morley, Manufacturers Hosiery, Underwear & Gloves

Service Advertising F.S.1121

UNFLAGGING ZEST



MISS IRIS HOEY,
the beautiful Comedy Actress, now
playing leading lady in "Belinda," at
the Fortune Theatre, writes:—

"IN my opinion the most significant change in stage life is that everyone has to work harder to keep pace with the improvement in public taste, and this means that every player must give of his or her best unvaryingly. In order to keep myself up to this standard, I invariably take a periodical course of Phosferine to ensure that my physical powers are always equal to the tax they are subject to. Not only as a safeguard against, but as a remedy for any nerve disorders, I find Phosferine is invaluable, and enables me to go through my rôle nightly with an unflagging zest, and with still sufficient energy thoroughly to enjoy such tennis, golf, walking, dancing, etc., as I can manage in my brief spells of leisure."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take **PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT**—the Spring Tonic Laxative. It tones as it cleanses! Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6

Aldwych

FROM OVEN TO TABLE IN GLASS!

Would you believe that women—the practical sex—could continue to cook in dishes of tin and earthenware, and bear to see these Jacks-at-a-pinch on tables graced by fine linen and flashing glass? You never would admit it if you were not obliged to! But now you can remove such reproaches from your table. Orlak oven-table glass has arrived, and instead of cooking utensils looking baleful and lustreless amongst the starry planets of gleaming decanters on your table, Orlak twinkles amongst them as happily as any star.

But is glass *practical* as cooking ware, however beautiful? Your thrifty objection is answered before it is made: Orlak, every piece of it, is guaranteed for two years against breakage in the oven. With reasonable care it will last a lifetime. Could anything be cleaner than glass to cook in, or easier to wipe clean afterwards? Could scouring and chipping at metal be half so easy as polishing a dish of glass? Could food look so appetising or cooking be so simple as when you can watch pies browning, and puddings baking to a turn, through glass?

Then Orlak must be expensive? But just look at the prices! You can have Orlak glass pie-dishes for as little as 1/5—casseroles with lids from 2/11. For a free booklet with many photographs of Orlak and details of shapes and prices write to Chance Brothers and Co. Limited, Dept. G, Glass Works, Smethwick, Birmingham.

IT WAS
ONLY
A GLASS
DISH
YET
IT STARTED
A NEW FASHION



Modelled by the same famous sculptor whose designs for the plate used in the Viceroy's Palace at Delhi were exhibited at the Royal Academy, Orlak glass dishes created the new fashion of the all-glass dinner table.

ORLAK
OVEN-TABLE
GLASS



Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The entries for our Open Show have closed with the splendid total of 4,824. This is a record for the Association's Open Shows. Cockers head the list, followed by pekinese; there are also good entries of airedales and labradors, while fox terriers—both coats—show an increase on former years. There are large entries of the bigger breeds, mastiffs, Irish wolfhounds, and great danes. The result is most gratifying to all the members of the L.K.A., as it shows that in spite of universal depression a show like our Open Show, really well run and thought out, still retains its hold on exhibitors. The Show takes place the day these notes appear and the following day, May 13 and 14. All people interested in dogs should make a point of going to Olympia one of these days. The Obedience Classes will be well worth seeing; among the competitors are three highly trained pekinese!



NEO POOYANG
The property of Mrs. Fullerton



DEBONAIR OF FERMANAR
The property of Miss Lewis

Owners of dogs are usually friendly folk, always willing to help a novice or an inquirer, and, of course, to the expert it is always a pleasure to see his or her favourite breed well represented. Olympia is famous for the series of excellent shows of all kinds held under its roof, and we may say with modest pride that our open show is one of the best shows held there—worthy to rank with the Horse Show and the Ideal Home Exhibition.

Chows retain their popularity especially as dogs for towns, where their independence and aloofness make them very little trouble. One has a bowing acquaintance, but that is all, with many chows seated on the doorsteps of their houses in London or taking their morning walk in the park quite unaccompanied. The withdrawn appearance

of a chow does not encourage liberties from strangers, though if you leave him alone he will leave you alone. Mrs. Fullerton has a well-known kennel of chows and sends a photograph of one of its inmates, Neo Pooyang. This dog has been a consistent winner since he came out at seven months old. Mrs. Fullerton usually has puppies for sale, and one knows how attractive chow pups are.

Irish setters are among the most handsome of dogs, they are beautiful both in form and colour; it is no wonder they have become so popular. Also there is the added possibility of having them trained for work in the field, which always is so interesting. Miss Lewis's setters are well known, and she has done well with them. The picture given is of her Debonair of Fermanar taken when a puppy. Debonair has done well at shows. Miss Lewis has some nice pups by good sires for sale.

The keeshund, though only a comparative new comer, has come to stay. As we all know, takes her dogs everywhere, riding, sailing, and to the Island of Harris. The picture is of Duris waiting for

Mrs. Wingfield Digby is the original importer of this attractive breed. She takes her dogs everywhere, riding, sailing, and to the Island of Harris. The picture is of Duris waiting for "Master," his special care. Many good keeshunds own the affix, "Von Zaandam," and most of the successful dogs in England at present are descended from this kennel.

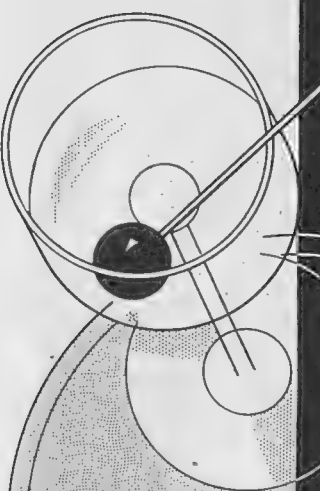
I often have enquiries for home-trained dogs, and in this connection Miss Edgell has several house-trained cairns for sale, ages varying from six months to eighteen months. For busy people it is a great convenience to have their dogs "ready made," so to speak, and Miss Edgell always has her dogs trained to the house and taught how to behave in general. She has a well-known kennel of cairns of the best type.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



DURIS
The property of Mrs. Wingfield Digby

GOOD GIN GOOD COCKTAIL!



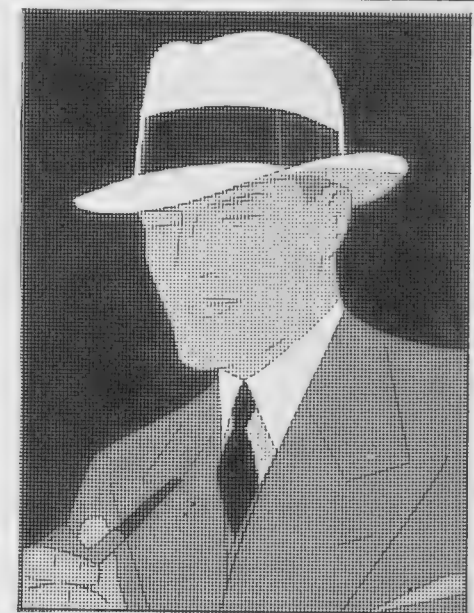
• No matter if it's a crisp Clover Club, a sly Silver Slipper or a hectic Horse's Neck, only good gin makes a good cocktail. Make sure that gin does you good while it's giving you pleasure. Make sure by using Holloway's Dry London . . . double distilled and crystal clear. Holloway's is silver well spent . . . always.

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A British-made Hat . . . **20/-**

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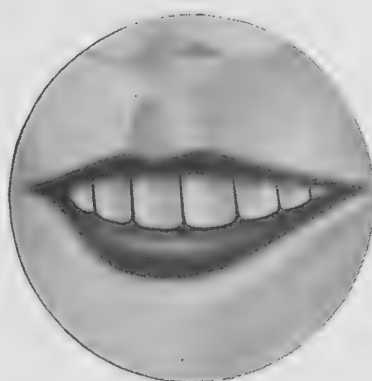
S 1931

AUSTIN REED LTD., LONDON

MILTON

ANTISEPTIC

**CLEANS FALSE TEETH
-AND THAT'S NOT ALL**



**HAY
FEVER**

page 13

AND THAT'S NOT ALL

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 318

Pioneering Again.

Armstrong-Siddeley (apart from other achievements) deserves unlimited credit for having been the first to standardize the self-changing gear-box (which is *such* a comfort) and the one-point chassis lubrication principle (which is *such* a comfort, too). Now they have once more gone ahead by pioneering, as car-builders, a form of upper cylinder lubrication. For this purpose all their cars are now fitted with a tin of "Petroyle," placed handily on the engine side of the dash.



MISS FRANCES DAY

The pretty young cabaret actress who returned to Nash's Club last week, much to the satisfaction of all the habitués of that smart and comfortable rendezvous in Savile Row. Nash's is one of the best places in all London either to lunch or dine

This contains enough special lubricant for the treatment of 16 gallons of petrol. There may be some, possibly many, who still doubt whether upper cylinder lubrication is a really worth-while proposition. The mere fact that I myself am quite enthusiastic about it will not sway them, but surely their uncertainty must be resolved by this action on the part of an eminent firm, which one knows would not be taken until a searching series of experiments had been completed to satisfaction. I find that a good U.C. lubricant keeps valve stems in excellent condition, as well as giving the pistons and rings a better chance of resisting the effect of too much "strangling"

and running the engine hard when cold. Of course, the logical outcome is for already "doped" fuel to be supplied from the pump, and that is what we may expect some day in the not distant future, especially now that the right kind of start has been made. By the way, I had proof the other day that the "self-changer" can on occasion be a life-saver. By reason of the fact that its solid tyres had little on wet and rough wood setts a lorry came skidding in the most terrifying manner straight at my delectable 20-h.p. Armstrong. There was only one possible way out, and that was a sudden spurt in the quickest of quick time. And it came with its unfailing instancy, for just a little kick with the toe put the gear into third. I do not know of any other available gear-box that would have saved just that vital amount of time.

A Correction.

Through a regrettable printer's error, caused in all probability by my abominable hand of write, the admirable "20"-h.p. Sunbeam saloon which I recently had the pleasure of trying, and of describing in a "cameo," was falsely represented as a "30"-h.p. model, of which none such exists. I hope no harm has been done, but apologies must be offered, for, judging from its performance, many would think that the Twenty (we'll have it in words this time) was a Thirty.



MISS EDITH LORAND

The gifted young violinist who is appearing with her Viennese Orchestra at the Alhambra this week after a big triumph in Paris, where she was invited by M. Briand to play at a diplomatic soirée at which President Doumergue was present

An ALVIS will thrill you!



from £395

If you would taste the joy and exhilaration of motoring as never before—take the wheel of a Silver Eagle—travel on the wings of a bird. It is a new experience for the jaded motorist . . . thrilling . . . amazing . . . satisfying. ALVIS owners know it, enjoy it . . . hold it so highly that they call it the most interesting car in the world. Why not you?

May we give you a demonstration by appointment? There is a full range of Silver Eagle Models from £585. Twelve-Fifty Models from £395. Full particulars from: ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO., LTD., COVENTRY. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 18, Berkeley St., W.1. London Service Station: Jubilee Place, King's Rd., Chelsea.

H.P.

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N



THE SIXTEEN BEACONSFIELD FABRIC SALOON

If the bonnet of every Austin were riveted down . . .

*The Sixteen Beaconsfield
Fabric Saloon (as illustrated)*

£335

(At Works)

Upholstered in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes: Triplex glass, chromium finish, Dunlop Tyres. Burnham Coachbuilt Saloon £335. Salisbury Fabric Saloon (6-window) £335. New Open Road Tourer £310. Harrow 2-Seater £310. Sunshine Roof £10 extra. Twelve (4 cylinder) models from £275.

Provided that provision were made for the periodic addition of engine oil, it would scarcely affect the Austin owner at all. So little occasion does he have to raise the bonnet, that he gets into the habit of taking for granted that what is under it will function month after month—year after year—without his aid or interference.

Which is readily understood. For Austin cars are built that way . . . to stand up, uncomplainingly, magnificently to treatment that might well break the heart of less soundly designed, less dependable cars.

In the latest Sixteen saloon models

this fine engineering is wedded to new coachwork of pleasing lines and equally fine craftsmanship. Yet prices are lower than ever!

Here are saloons unique among cars of their price—equipped as you, yourself, might specify in a car built for your own especial needs—with divan comfort, folding tea-tables, folding foot-rests and arm-rests . . . briefly, cars that thoroughly justify, in their performance, appearance and appointment, a considerably higher price than the £335 you are asked to pay.

Write for literature—better still, see your nearest Austin dealer.

AUSTIN

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. EVERY MONTH



The Austin Motor Company, Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

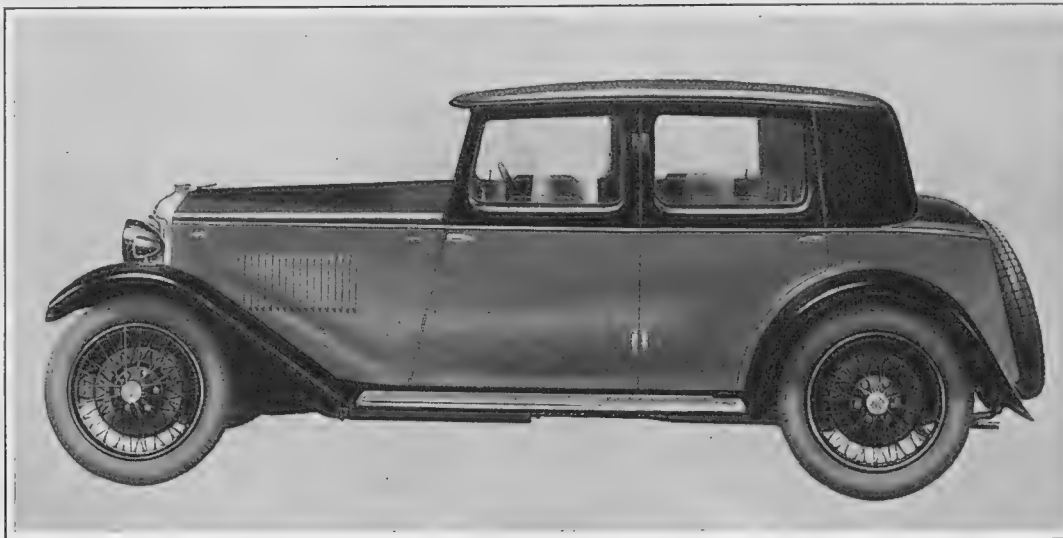
CAR CAMEOS

Riley Nine

This is a car for which I have the profoundest respect and the most resolute liking, not so much because it has scored many notable successes in competition (which are certainly to be quoted to its credit) but because it seems to me to be, both in theory and in practice, the best example yet to hand of what a light car can be when sponsored by an intelligent and enterprising manufacturer. This fact is widely recognized and I do not suppose that there is any car in its class that has anything like the Riley's vogue.

As a consequence of this it naturally follows that there are a number of Riley Nine owners amongst the circle of my motoring acquaintance. Had I no personal knowledge of the car itself I should still not hesitate to declare that it is an exceptionally good one, for I have yet to hear from these owners a word in its dispraise. They are all enthusiasts about it—and, for that matter, so am I.

The Biarritz saloon—which is a little bit more expensive than the highly popular Monaco—that I recently had the pleasure of driving has been worked hard by one of those fortunates who have little to do in life but sit behind a steering-wheel. Yet it was as "tight" a job as if it had only just gone through its running period. But there was one thing that was conspicuously not "tight," and that was the gallant little engine. What a truly amazing power plant this is. I do not know exactly how many horses it develops, but it gets all that one could



THE RILEY NINE

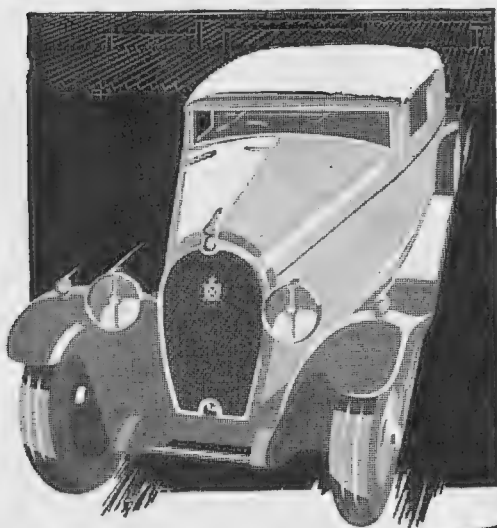
possibly ask for, and right through its scale it pulls with a happy heartiness that is most pleasing. Of flat spots there is an entire absence.

The extremely easy change gear-box, with the silent third of which the Riley firm were the pioneers, enables one to make the most of this willing flow of power, and quite astonishing speed and acceleration is readily to be had on the indirect ratios. In these circumstances it is the simplest matter in the world to put up averages far beyond the scope of much bigger cars (carrying the same number of passengers). Moreover, the braking and road-holding are so good that great liveliness can be indulged in with perfect safety.

And now I must say a word about the body. This I think is generally recognized as one of the best things of its kind that has ever been built. It is a four-door, four-light, close-coupled saloon, with a capacious moulded boot at the tail, and it is a wonderful example of what can be done on a chassis of quite short wheel-base. It provides very comfortable accommodation for four more than full-sized people. Not only, too, are they not squeezed, but they have an elegant width of unobscured vision. Furthermore, the doors are so well planned that

they can all get in and out with perfect facility. There are a great many cars of greater size which are nothing like so good as the Riley in this important respect.

Altogether a thoroughly jolly, sporting, comfortable, lusty, and desirable little car, which shows incidentally that advanced performance is by no means incompatible with very low costs of upkeep. The makers, with good reason, claim it to be a car of very small depreciation. This applies both to value and to mechanism.



*When you require something better—
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MANUFACTURERS OF SIX-CYLINDER CARS SINCE 1905

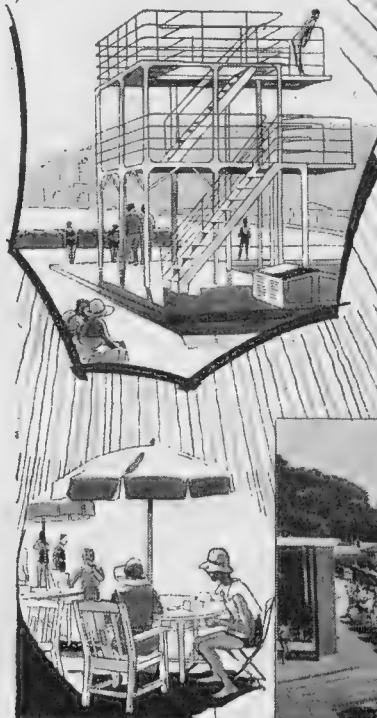
T.B.L. 40

Monte Carlo

where sunshine
is assured!

SUMMER TIME in the Principality of Monaco is ideal. All outdoor sports can be enjoyed, King Sol ever being in his most brilliant and smiling mood.

The MONTE CARLO BEACH is the magnet which draws all Society. The great feature of the Coming Summer Season in Monte Carlo will be the NEW CASINO, where Roulette and all other games of chance will be played, and where the finest and most wonderful attractions will be presented.



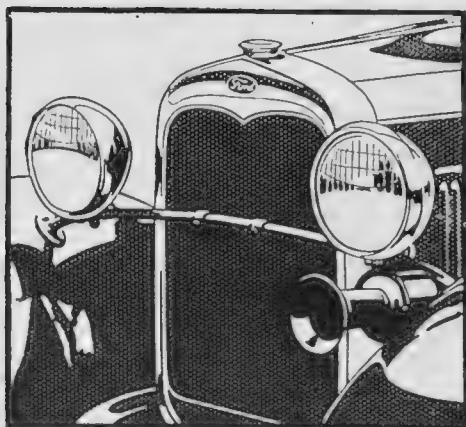
The Smartness of a BRAND-NEW FORD

remains, can be retained permanently, with the absolute minimum of labour or expense.

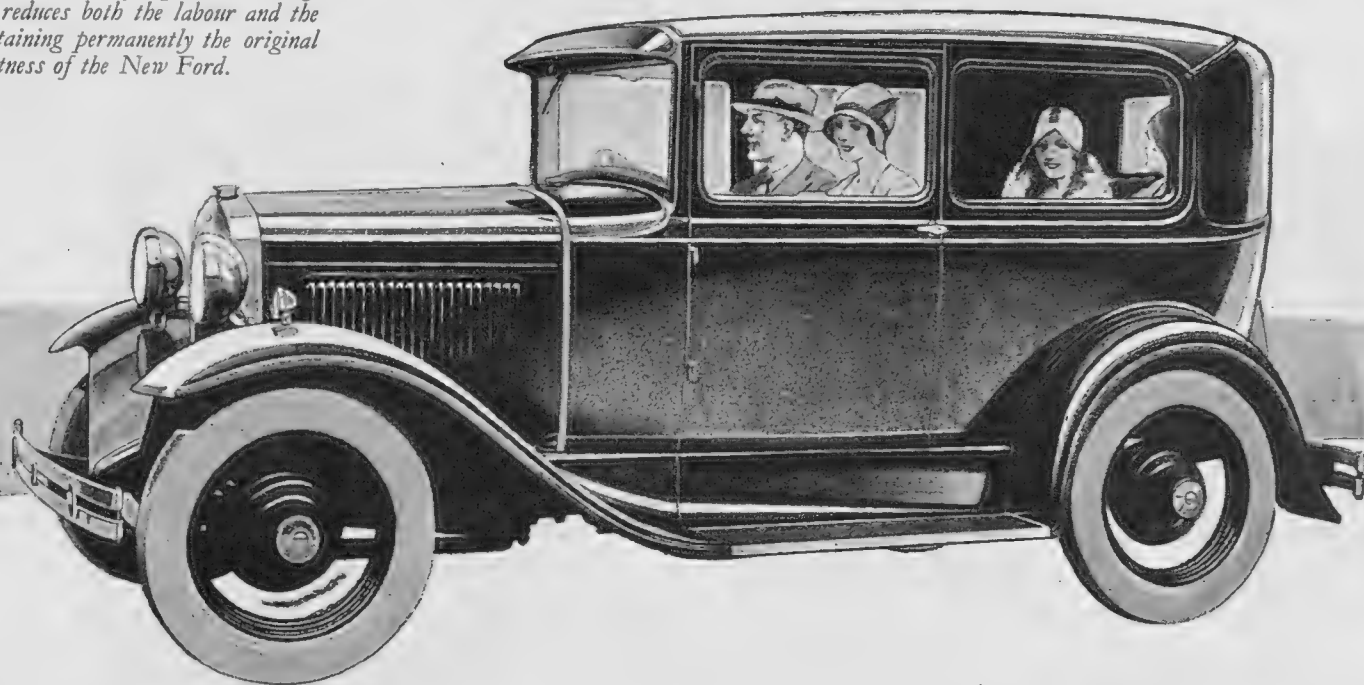
Untarnishable steel, and the lastingly resplendent pyroxylin finish, are not merely resistant of travel stains. They permit the restoration of pristine presentability in next to no time.

And their standardisation is typical of the consideration for the user, especially for the owner-driver, outstanding in every feature of the New FORD.

Let your Local FORD Dealer enumerate its other, just as commanding, claims on your interest. Let him show you what it is, what it will do, and for how *very*, very little!



The use of stainless steel for parts commonly nickel-plated reduces both the labour and the cost of maintaining permanently the original smartness of the New Ford.



The New Ford 24 h.p. Tudor Saloon £180 at works, Manchester (14.9 h.p. £5 extra).

LINCOLN



FORDSON

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NEW FORD PRICES

Touring Car	• 24 h.p.	£185
Standard Coupé	„	£185
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3-window Fordor Saloon	„	£210
De Luxe Touring Car	„	£225
De Luxe Fordor Saloon with sliding roof 24 h.p.		£225

14.9 h.p. £5 extra.

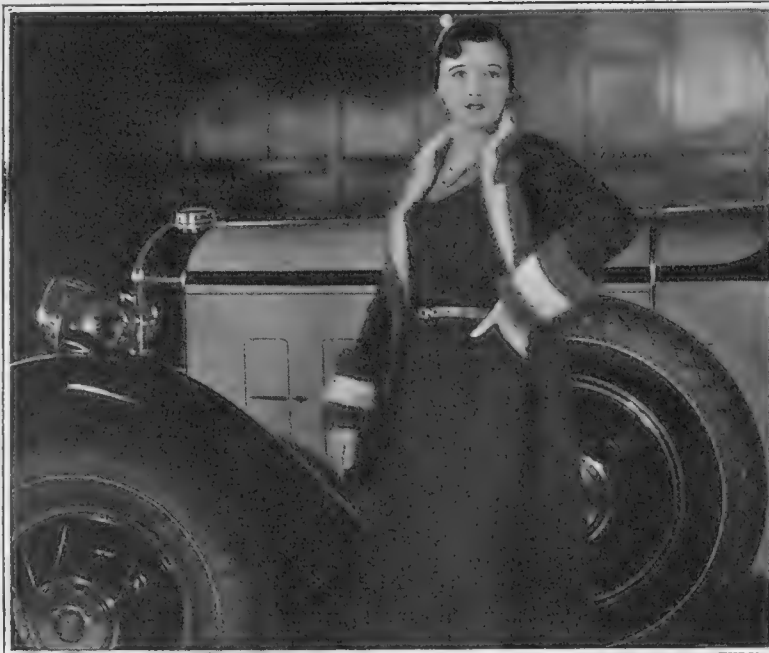
All prices at works, Manchester.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED || 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

The possibilities of increased sales of British cars in New Zealand were discussed by Colonel Frank Searle, Managing Director of the Rover Company, on his recent return from a business trip to that Dominion. Colonel Searle said that his first impression of Wellington was that it was so full of American cars that it might well have been mistaken for New York City! The reason for this was largely that at the conclusion of the War, when British manufacturers were unable to compete, America had flooded New Zealand with cars. Motorists there had thus got accustomed to the high-powered car which was cheap to buy but expensive to run. When, however, the general slump struck New Zealand a year ago, there was at once a call for the car which was also economical to run; the British light car met this demand, and users were finding it in every way as satisfactory as the high-powered foreigner. Furthermore, British cars are not selling in New Zealand at a price disadvantage, for the cheapest full-sized saloon there, said Colonel Searle, was the Rover Ten. This sells for £298, as compared with £313 for the lowest priced American four-door saloon.

The Rover Company have not attacked the New Zealand market in a half-hearted way, for before any car was shipped there, £4,000 worth of spare parts were despatched. Nearly twenty first-class distributors have been appointed, and the company's own headquarters have been fixed at Wellington. A school for the instruction of agents' mechanics has also been established.



A MANNEQUIN IN A VERY CHARMING DRESS STANDING BY A CADILLAC CAR

The above photograph was taken at the combined display of Cadillac cars and Idare gowns staged recently by the Cadillac and La Salle distributors, Messrs. Lendrum and Hartman, at their Albemarle Street show-rooms. It was a most successful function, the visitors including many distinguished members of Society and the Stage

When the 10-h.p. car was first shown to agents in New Zealand, they were at once sold on its appearance, accommodation, and economy, but they said that it could not possibly do the work. It was for this reason that the attempt to beat the Limited Night Express from Wellington to Auckland was made. The success of this put paid to all questions of performance. "New Zealanders are definitely pro-British," said Colonel Searle in conclusion, "but they naturally want value for money. Give them something which is as good value as the American car—and we can certainly do that—and they'll buy British every time."

A difficulty in the way of upper cylinder lubrication has hitherto been the necessity of buying the special oil required in quantities vastly in excess of one's day-to-day requirements. The oil is mixed with the petrol, and one quart (which is sufficient to treat 160 gallons) will last for 3,000 to 5,000 miles, if not more. It has hitherto always been necessary also to carry a tin of oil in the car for use when filling up at a wayside petrol station. To overcome these draw-backs, Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co. have brought out a special cabinet for the sale of fractional quantities of Castrollo, the upper cylinder lubricant which they introduced a few months ago. All that the motorist now has to do when filling up at a garage is to order sufficient Castrollo to mix with the petrol he has bought. A calibrated glass measure enables attendants to supply the correct "dose" for as little as one gallon of petrol. Motorists may thus enjoy the benefits of upper cylinder lubrication without mess or bother, and at the cost of only a few pence per hundred miles.

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COMPREHENSIVE MOTOR POLICIES
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with the Jackall four-wheel Jacks built into the car, which raise any individual wheel, or all four wheels, by a simple operation. Tecalemit one-shot chassis lubrication which lubricates the whole of the chassis by simple pedal pressure from driver's seat. Patent signalling window, silent third-speed gear box, Bendix Perrot brakes on four wheels, Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers, high pressure engine lubrication, and every possible device for ensuring care-free luxury motoring.

ALL COMET MODELS £495

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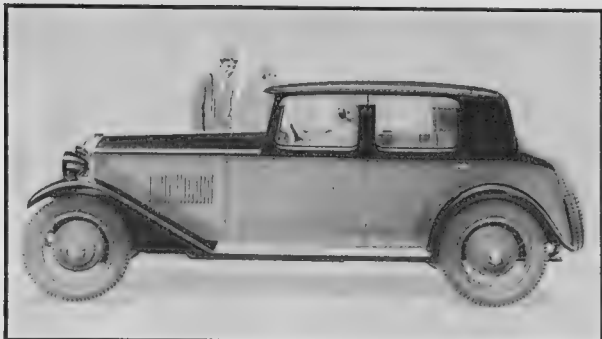
TWO YEARS' GUARANTEE AND TWO YEARS' FREE PERIODICAL INSPECTION

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

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The Car for to-day —the day of Economy!

*With the advent of this our latest
production — the*



"Alpine Six"

*the need to buy that large and more expensive car
you thought essential is totally eliminated, for here,
in a word, is the highest possible performance at
the lowest possible running costs.*

*There are three models—the FABRIC SALOON,
the HALF-PANEL SALOON (as illustrated),
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Also the big Six "STELVIO" at £398.*

*And the badge illustrated below is the finishing touch
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for
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The Badge of

the Alpine Six



BY APPOINTMENT TO
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Reputation

*More slowly built than a city, more quickly lost than
a wrecked ship, a reputation is valuable beyond price.
To retain her hardly-won favours, reputation
demands unremitting court. So men guard jealously
the good name of Castrol. They pledge all things,
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CASTROL

recommended by ROLLS-ROYCE Ltd.

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Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

Air Eddies—continued from p. 290

President of the Royal Aeronautical Society, that the real point of interest was brought up: whether yachtsmen fail to take advantage of the scientific knowledge amassed by the research work done for aeronautics. Mr. Fairey opened the proceedings by a judicial balancing of the two sides, which had the effect of starting one of the most entertaining controversies I have ever listened to.

The yachtsmen showed that the charge against them of over-conservatism was not entirely without foundation. They nearly all took the attitude that everything had already been done fifty years ago, and that therefore it was not much use looking to aeronautics for any help. Indeed, they did not seem to think that there was much scope for improvement. This attitude was the more surprising coming after Dr. Curry's film, which had illustrated the way in which sails have approached more and more closely to the shape and profile of aeroplane wings.

With the lessons of *Shamrock* and *Enterprise* still fresh, and with the fact that Dr. Curry has, by applying his theories, won innumerable races before them, it was surprising that so few of the yachtsmen seemed to admit that any improvements could be made to racing yachts by calling in the assistance of the aeronautical engineer.

The spice of controversy gave a sparkle to the evening which lifted the occasion up and made the proceedings exceptionally amusing. Mr. Fairey did both sides, the aeronautical and the yachting, a service by bringing them together and letting them discuss matters freely. Both learnt something, and certainly both enjoyed themselves. For myself, I still hold that there

is proof that the aeronautical engineer could improve our racing yachts 20 to 30 per cent. if he were allowed to do so. Perhaps Mr. Fairey will one day give us a rejuvenated—*aerated*, if one may use the expression—Flica. She should be able to wear a large number of winning flags at the end of the season.



MISS C. CURTIS

A snapshot taken at Stag Lane just after she had landed from her first flight as a member of the London Aeroplane Club

H.R.H.

The Prince of Wales returned by air after doing much good to aviation in the Argentine. The two Puss Moths used by the Prince of Wales and Prince George at Buenos Aires showed how practical is the modern British light aeroplane. Flight-Lieutenant Fielden, in one of the machines, once covered 1,064 miles in a day at an average speed of 112 miles an hour.

Aviation must consider itself fortunate in having such Princes among its most enthusiastic supporters, and the success of private and club flying can be traced to their influence in large measure.

Napiers.

Mr. H. T. Vane, who has been joint managing director and general manager of Napiers since 1913, the year in which the company was formed, is now chairman and managing director. Mr. F. A. Davies, who has been secretary for a similar period and who was appointed to a seat on the board four years ago, has taken over the position of general manager. Mr. R. C. Johnson is now secretary of the company.

It is clear that with this arrangement Napiers will retain their position as one of the leading companies of aero-engine manufacturers in the world. Mr. H. T. Vane is known and liked by everyone who is interested in aeronautics.



● aged • of rare mellow-
ness • • subtle bouquet •
distinctive ● by host • by
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**GRANT'S
SCOTCH
WHISKY**

COVENTRY



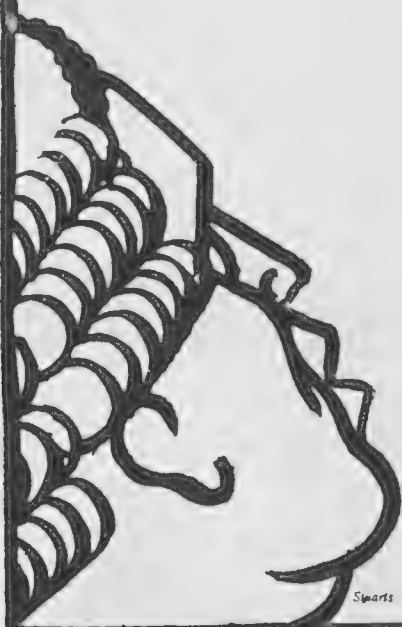
"But can a man have two heads?"

Counsel: "Oh yes m'lud, when he tries to follow the rapid acceleration of cars using Summer Shell Petrol . . ."

His Lordship:
"Crikey!"

SUMMER SHELL

The petrol that is seasonally blended to suit the prevailing temperature and, by the way, to be up-to-date you must Shellubricate too



Stuart



Photographs by Poole, Dublin

IN ERIN'S GREEN ISLAND: Left—MR. SIMON COMBE AND LADY WELDON. Centre—MRS. WILLIAM BLAND AND THE HON. LORRAINE BERRY. Right—LADY MOIRA FORBES AND THE HON. GERALD WELLESLEY

Recent activities of the camera at Irish race meetings resulted in these pleasant snapshots. Lady Weldon lives mostly in London these days, but goes over to Kilmorony, her son's place near Athy, from time to time. Mrs. Bland, who married Mr. William Bland of Blandsfort in Queen's County last year, is the daughter of Major Edmund Dease. The late Lord Buckland's daughter, the Hon. Lorraine Berry, is a great friend and was one of her bridesmaids. Lady Moira Forbes, who is the eldest of Lord and Lady Granard's family, is Joint Master of the Longford Harriers, and the Hon. Gerald Wellesley trains successfully at Friarstown House on the Curragh. He used to assist Dick Dawson at Whatcombe

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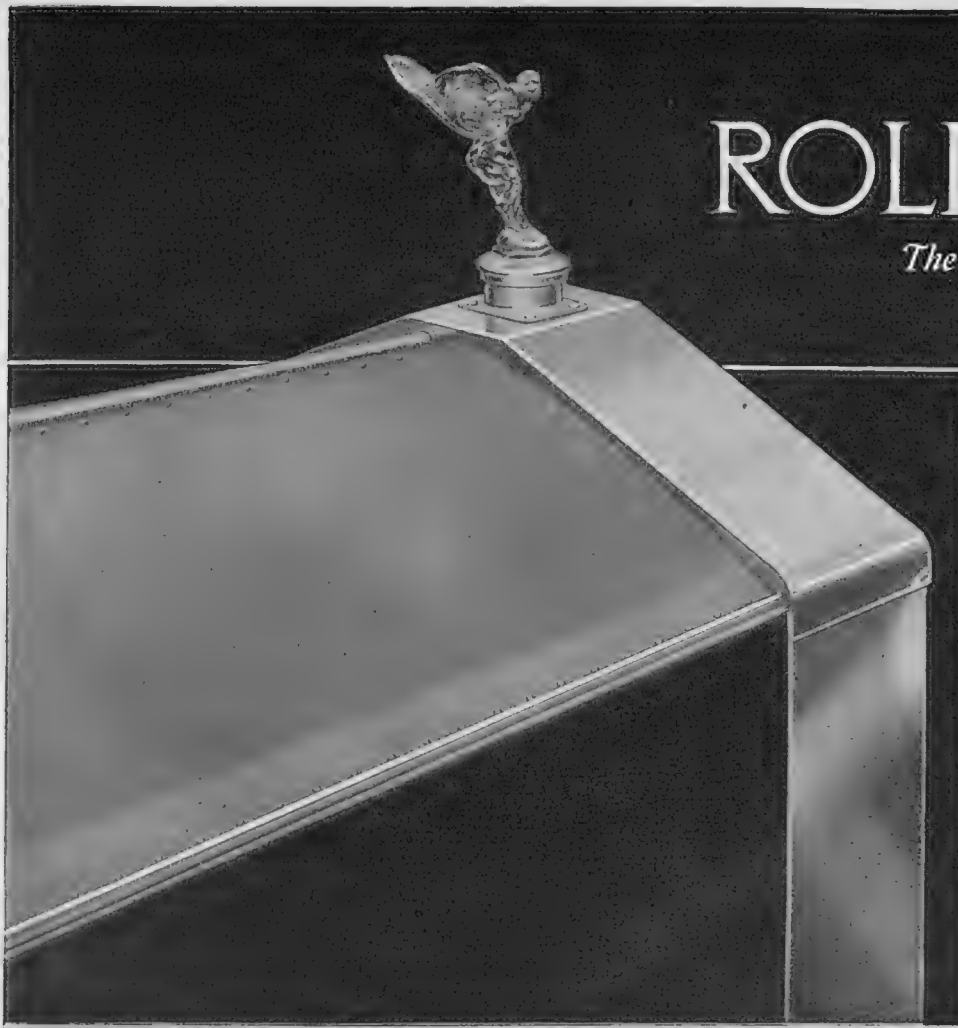
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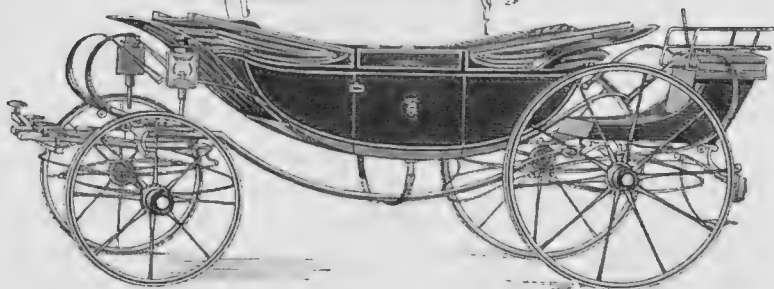
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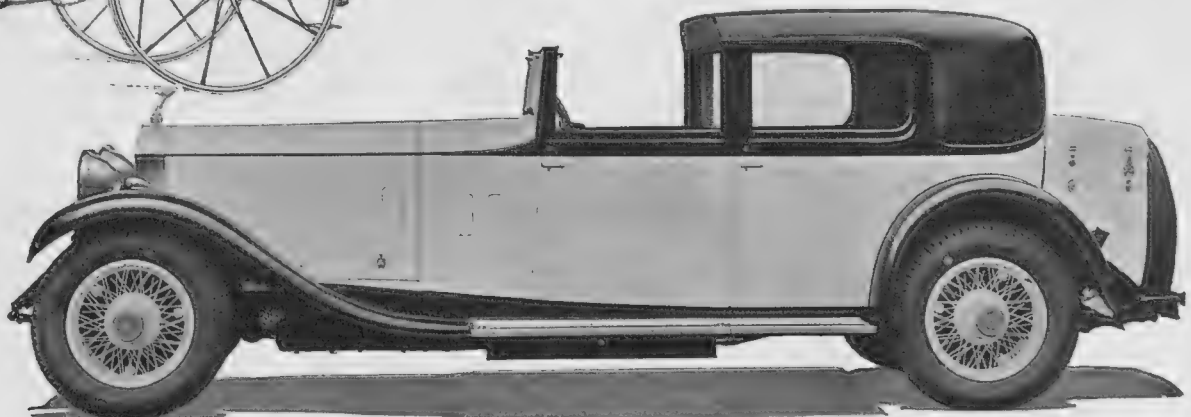
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Polo Notes—Continued from p. 312

in common with a few other people who know the facts, I am certain that Australia's raid was due in no small degree to the visit of that Army in India team under Colonel Melvill's command. "Shabash" is one of the most attractive personalities in and out of the polo world, and he possesses that quite priceless gift of "hands." I put it in inverted commas purposely, because I am sure every understanding person will realize what is meant. People who have never been on even a rocking horse quite often job you in the mouth. "Hands" get you almost anywhere and save so many apparently impossible situations. I think Ranelagh is very lucky.

At Roehampton Lieut.-Colonel Charles Lister, who was originally a 21st Lancer, carries on as, of course, it was certain that he would, for he had shown from the outset that he was the right man in the right spot—another case of good "hands" in fact. When the 21st and the 17th became linked under the post-War cavalry-scrapping economy scheme, Colonel Lister was in one of the victorious 17th/21st-Lancer teams in the Inter-Regimental; their No. 2, if memory serves me, and as was known already, of course, proved that the selection was an excellent one. Roehampton have lost their Templeton ground which, owing to the stringency of the times in which we exist—I hesitate to say, live—has had to be resigned to the tender mercies of the builder of villa residences of the type which may or, on the other hand, may not, add to the beauty of the world at large, but of whose usefulness there can be no question. However, the loss of East Sheen is the loss of another lung, and as it is a polo lung no one seems to worry a lot. If one of Mr. Lansbury's play-grounds had been corralled by the Utility First advocates we might have heard quite a packet about it.

It is good news to learn that the 4th Hussars, a regiment with a fine polo tradition behind it, means to send a team into the pit for the Inter-Regimental this year, and I

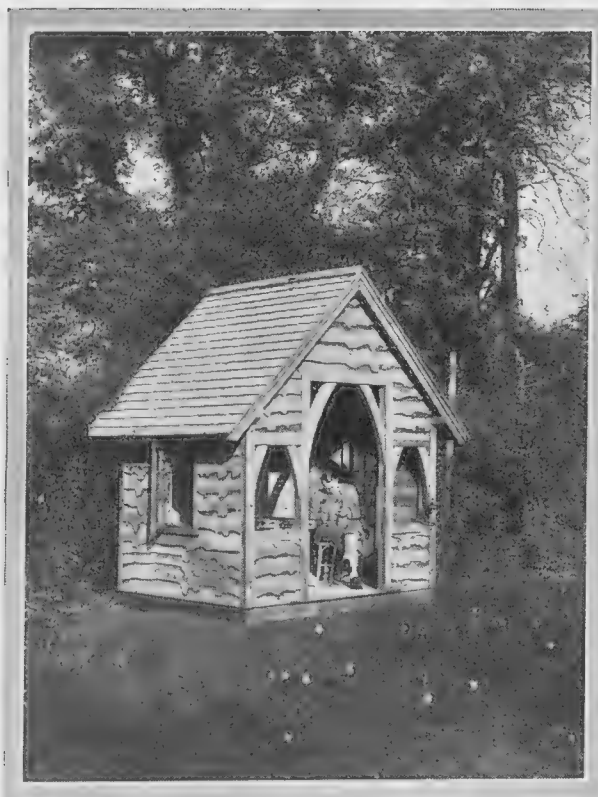


DELHI HORSE SHOW: QUINTIN AMBLER

The combined ages of the horse and man are six years—of which the 11.2 "horse" absorbs two years. The jockey is the son of Captain R. Ambler, late 2nd Lancers, I.A. Little Quintin was fourth in the Children's Hacks Class

think this is a wonderfully good effort, because the 4th is only just back from Hindu Hindustan, and has had next to no time to collect ponies or do anything else but think with regret of how many more Kadir Cups it might have annexed if it had remained on in India. The regiment is now lying at York, and personally I never imagined for one moment that it could chip in and have a go in this year's Regimental. One rather loses touch with things in India after having been away from that seething cauldron for eighteen years come this autumn, and the only thing with which I have been able to connect the 4th is pork-butcher. Captain Scott-Cockburn leading, Captain "Bunny" Head a good second, Mr. "Tich" Catto and others close up, they have dominated the situation in the Kadir of recent years, with more or less lately a hard riding Gunner, Captain Richards, making a most successful flank attack, and one has not connected them with the polo game, though of course

it was foolish not to take it as read that such a hard-riding regiment would leave that out. They will have, at any rate, three ex-members of their regimental team in days long gone by, perhaps four, who will be much interested in their adventures, their ex-back, their ex-No. 1, and their ex-No. 3. The former is General Sir Reginald Barnes, who afterwards was co-opted to command the 10th, the second is Mr. Snowden's "towny" or civilian friend, the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, and the third is General Reginald Hoare. All three were in the team when it won in India in 1899. General Reginald Hoare, who was the No. 3, is also to the fore, and still hunts in the Albrighton country where I have met him. Of Mr. (as he then was) Savory I have lost sight. The 4th Hussars never won the Inter-Regimental in England, but got into the final four times—1881, beaten by the 16th Lancers; 1882, beaten by the 5th Lancers; 1883, beaten by the 7th Hussars; and 1892, beaten by the 13th Hussars, who at that time were, with the victorious 9th Lancers and the 10th Hussars, just about top of the heap. It was a great epoch in regimental polo. It is good business to be able to welcome back such a fine sporting regiment as the 4th, and wish them the best of luck.



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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

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"Round the world in a day" is not just a slogan—it is the Colonial Exhibition expressed in a sentence.

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The traditional fine food of France will be enjoyed in beautiful restaurants and, of course, there will be native eating places, where spicy Eastern dishes will be served.

The Exhibition will be open until October. All means of transport will be available at reduced rates during this period and information can be obtained at any travel agency.

DORLAND

Eve at Golf—continued from p. 320

morning win against the Hartley brothers; if the men played erratically one can only surmise that they played as well as the ladies, and their allowance of strokes allowed them to do. In the afternoon Miss Fishwick, who played golf well worthy of her Open Championship all day, had the measure of Mr. Gray from the start; so did Miss Gourlay of Mr. Rex Hartley, though she had to do brilliant things and keep on doing them; Miss Morgan accounted for Captain Pearson, and if Mrs. Porter went down rather heavily to Mr. Straker it has to be remembered that he was three under fours for the first eleven holes, which was distinctly inhuman. What was the use of the lady's noble 4's, secured by putting pitches dead, when the man was getting threes? So it was left to the two last players in, Miss Garnham and Miss Plumpton, to have the thrill of bringing in wins to make the day a drawn battle. Miss Garnham got in first, 2 and 1 from Major Thorburn, and then it all depended on Miss Plumpton and Mr. de Montmorency, who had last been seen going square to the 17th. There Mr. Montmorency had a bunker and Miss Plumpton had a stroke, and so she was dorny when they both put good seconds not quite on to the 18th green. The lady had to play first, and a most excellent pitch she played; he followed suit, but he could do no more than get the putt dead, and that was the end of that. So a half, taken at the odd holes at Stoke Poges



Miss Diana Fishwick driving in the Ladies v. Men annual match at Stoke Poges, which ended all square. The open champion recently set up a new record at Ranelagh, when she returned a 66 to win the Kit-Cat Medal at the International Meeting

Miss Enid Wilson and Mr. R. H. Oppenheimer, who were opponents in the foursomes, when the Ladies v. Men encounter took place at Stoke Poges. Miss Wilson's partner was Miss Rudgard, and they won this match by 3 and 1. The final result was a draw

(where they are less helpful than taken at the evens), was proved, on that day at least, to be a very fair arrangement.

THE WIND IN THE WOOD—continued from p. 316

And while she sat and wondered a kind of twinkle seemed rippling up through the dim blue bulk of that figure. Partly it seemed like starlight and partly like laughter. And all the wood was hushed. He seemed a jolly fellow. A delightful possibility crossed her mind. But she could not be sure and it was better to ask.

"What then?" she said.

"I shall go to the towns," said the wind.

"And then?" said Amelia, her merry suspicions closer now on his secret.

And the twinkles increased in the wind. And, just as he seemed unable to keep his secret in any longer, Amelia asked him again: "What will you blow, then?"

And the wind shouted his answer in the deep hush of the trees.

"Hats," he bawled, gleefully.

"I thought you would," said Amelia.

"Hats through the streets," he shouted.

"Oh, what fun, what fun," said Amelia.

And together they went out romping through the western side of the wood.



Miss Enid Wilson and Mr. R. H. Oppenheimer, who were opponents in the foursomes, when the Ladies v. Men encounter took place at Stoke Poges. Miss Wilson's partner was Miss Rudgard, and they won this match by 3 and 1. The final result was a draw

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE



LADY HAMILTON-GRANT IN THE BERKELEY COURT ROOF GARDEN

It seems impossible to believe that such a bower of beauty could exist on the roof of a block of London flats; but it does. Sir "Tony" and Lady Hamilton-Grant (who on the stage is Miss Margaret Cochran) are some of the many people who have a flat in Berkeley Court. Lord and Lady Denbigh have also got a flat there. Lady Hamilton-Grant may be seen ere long in a new play in the West End.

Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lady Bertha Dawkins are organizing a Luncheon and Thé Dansant to be given on May 20 by kind permission of the Canadian Pacific Company on board the wonderful new luxury liner, *The Empress of Britain*. The luncheon is in aid of the Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street. It will be a most interesting occasion as the different parts of the ship have been decorated by such noted artists as Sir John Lavery, Mr. Edmund Dulac, and Mr. Frank Brangwyn. A full-size tennis court will be at the service of the guests as well as dancing and games. Special trains will take people to Southampton and bring them back to London in time for dinner. Tickets, which are £2 2s. each, include the railway journey from Waterloo and back, luncheon, with wine, cocktails, etc., and may be obtained from Lady Bertha Dawkins at Kensington Palace.

"The Summer Season in Switzerland, 1931," giving a list of the principal sports and social events, has just been published by the Swiss National Tourist Office, Zurich and Lausanne. This booklet, which is issued regularly at the beginning of the summer and winter seasons, contains the forthcoming sports and social events taking place in the towns and tourist centres of Switzerland, and being of interest to visitors of this country.

"Modern Man" is published twice a year with the idea of keeping Austin Reed's overseas customers in touch with the latest developments in London, and is a most artistic and interesting magazine. The dice supplied with the Spring Number, which is just published, are meant to be used for the new Austin Reed game, "Dressing for Dinner," a copy of which is being presented to each reader. A copy can be obtained gratis on application to Austin Reed of Regent Street, or any of their branches.

Many well-known Society people are taking part in "L'Arc-en-Ciel" which is to be one of the special features of the dance which is to follow the "Dinner of a Hundred Hosts" at which Lord Moynihan of Leeds and Mr. Philip Guedalla are to be the speakers. This rainbow scene has been designed and executed by Mr. W. W. Reville-Terry. Miss Margaret Daniels, the dancer from the Chelsea Follies, is taking the part of the "Shower," Miss Jean McClintock the "Sun," and Miss Joan Harrington, the famous mannequin, as the "Cloud." The Marchioness of Titchfield is presiding and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley is chairman at the dinner dance which is being given at the Park Lane Hotel on Thursday, May 14, and is in aid of the Preventorium Fund in connection with the Margaret Street Hospital for Consumption. Tickets can be obtained from the Appeal Office, 28, Mount Street, W. 1. Telephone, 3029.



THE SANDIWAY GOLF TROPHY

The beautiful trophy that Mr. Harry Marland is presenting to the Sandiway Golf Club, Manchester. It takes the form of a female figure in gold, mounted on an onyx plinth, is quite unique, and a distinct change from the usual stereotyped form of cup which is given as a prize. The trophy was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Regent Street, and is a very beautiful piece of work.



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The territory of Prince Charlie and his valiants. Loch Shiel, for example; they have marked with a stone the spot where a thousand Cameron and Macdonald clansmen met him when he started on that forlorn hope of his on August 19th, 1745.

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is on the southern strand of Loch Linnhe almost under the shade of the lofty Ben Nevis. Wide choice of hotels, boarding houses and apartments. Sea and river fishing, boating, bathing, golf and tennis.

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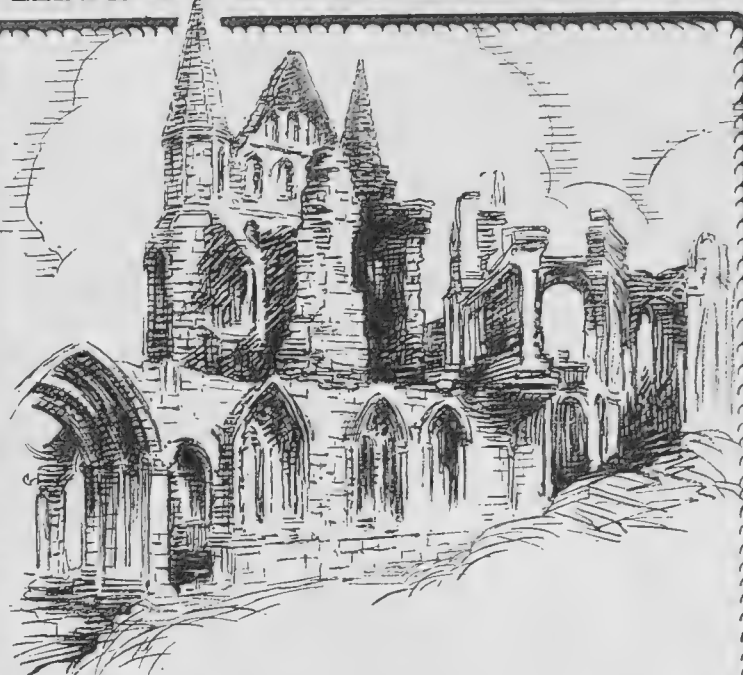
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WRITE FOR BOOKLET "F" TO WORKS STIRCHLEY BIRMINGHAM

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

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“The Tatler” Flying Scheme has been a stupendous success. In spite of the fact that many aerodromes reached their limit within the first few days, applications have continued to pour in during the past week, and we must apologise again to those of our readers who were unlucky enough to be too late.

It is now possible to say that the Scheme is definitely closed at all aerodromes except the following:

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By the time that this issue is published it is possible that these may be full, too, so readers are advised to telephone before going along in order to avoid disappointment.

The necessary form of application and particulars are not reprinted in this issue, but will be found in the April 15th and 22nd issues of “The Tatler,” copies of which can be obtained through any newsagent or direct from The Publisher, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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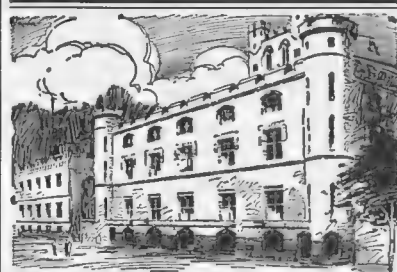


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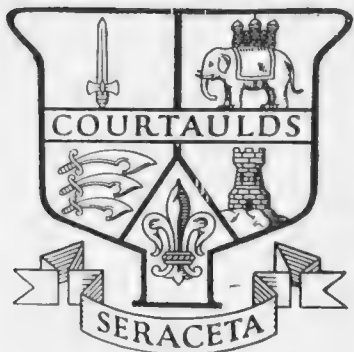
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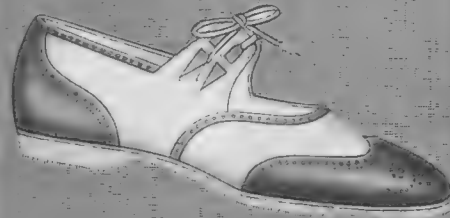
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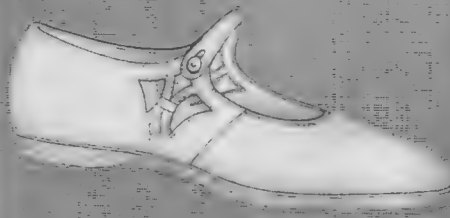
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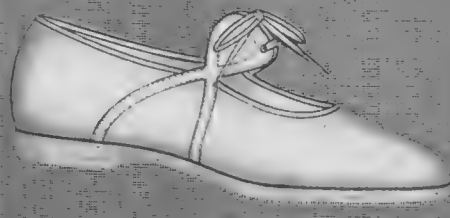
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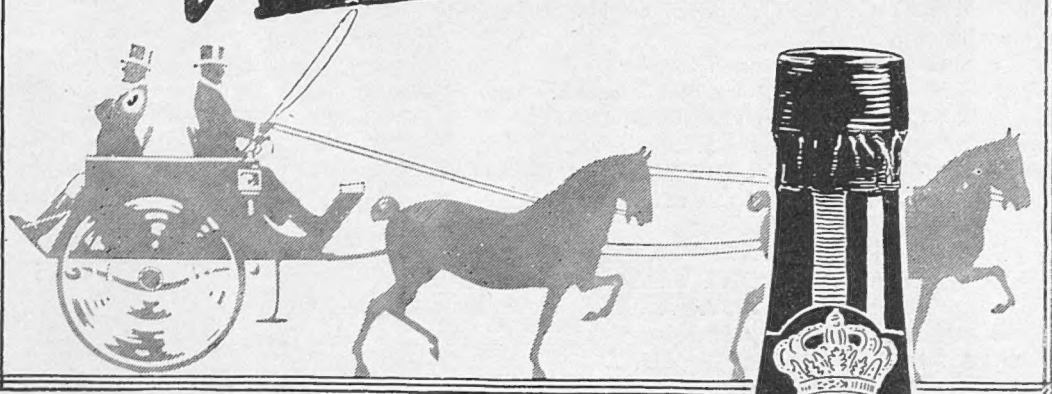
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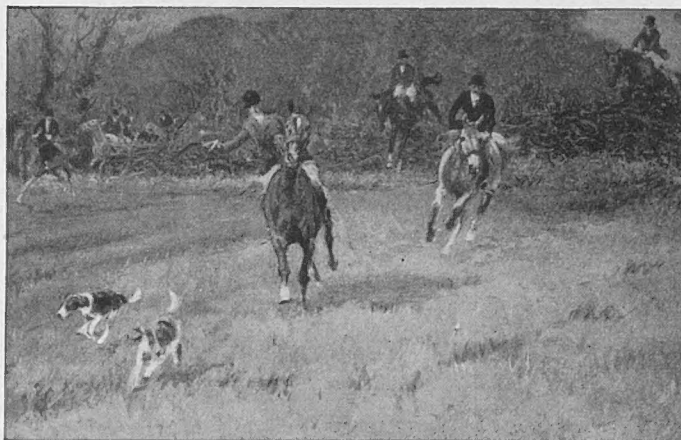
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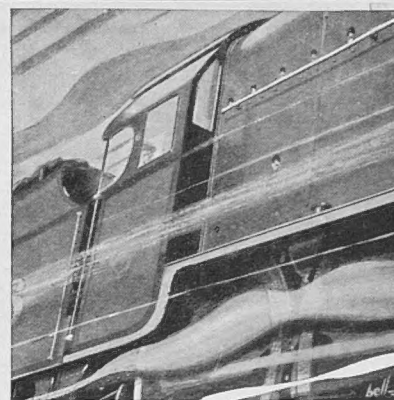
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